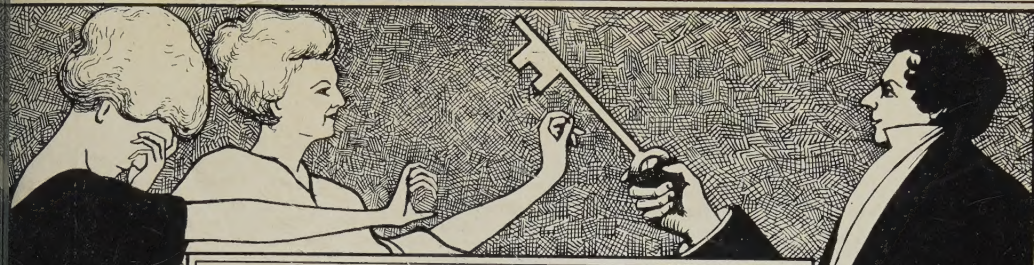

"I NOW TURN THE KEY TO YOU IN THE NAME OF GOD AND THIS SOCIETY SHALL REJOICE, AND KNOWLEDGE AND INTELLIGENCE SHALL FLOW DOWN FROM THIS TIME."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII MARCH 1936 NO. 3

Jos. A. F. Everett

B Y UNIVERSITY
PROVO UTAH

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIII MARCH, 1936 No. 3

CONTENTS

Courage Leading On ..... Bertha A. Kleinman 137
General Board of Relief Society—Frontispiece 138
Birthdays ..... Louise Yates Robison 139
How Big? ..... Alberta H. Christenson 140
How Can We Strengthen Our Homes? ..... Amy Brown Lyman 141
Opportunity ..... Kate M. Barker 144
The Underprivileged Child ..... Lucy Woolley 145
The Dean of Auxiliaries ..... Judge Oscar W. McConkie 146
Song for Morning ..... Katherine Fernelius 148
She Came to Scoff ..... Clara Perman 149
The Forum on Current Problems ..... Julia A. F. Lund 153
I Love Old People ..... Caroline Eyring Miner 156
Appreciation ..... Matilda F. Mortensen 157
Achievement, 1842-1936 ..... Annie Wells Cannon 158
And Angels Shall Attend ..... Dorothy Clapp Robison 162
A Typical Case ..... Edna May Irvine 167
Is Your Child Afraid of Storms? ..... Virginia B. Jacobsen 175
Faith's Comfort ..... E. Heloise Merkley 177
What Contribution Can The Home and Community Make for the Advancement of Music? ..... Adeline Rasmussen Ensign 178
Mother Makes a Rag Carpet ..... Zipporah L. Stewart 181
Why Was The Prophet Joseph Smith's First Vision The Vision of the Father and the Son? ..... Isaac B. Ball 184
A Welcome Visitor ..... Clarissa A. Beesley 185
What to Serve at Our Birthday Party ..... Camilla E. Kimball 187
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 190
A Singing Heart ..... Ada Hurst Brown 191
Notes to the Field 195
Notes from the Field ..... Julia A. F. Lund 197
Editorial:
The Key Turned for Women 200
Leadership Week 202
Modified Plan 203
Relief Society Song 203

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Courage Leading On

Inscribed and dedicated to Zion's Sisterhood in the rank and file of Relief Society

By Bertha A. Kleinman

O sing a Song of Service, let it sound from sea to sea,
As Zion hails her daughters of Relief Society,
Across the hills and valleys, list the workers symphony!
As Courage leads them on

Humanity is calling for the test of fortitude,
The world replies with armies and the ranks of brotherhood,
But Zion speaks in Priesthood and her glorious womanhood,
As Courage leads them on

In sorrow and affliction and the calls of charity,
In high or lowly station, or wherever it may be,
The messengers stand ready in *Relief Society*,
With Courage leading on

GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY *Photo by D. T. Davis.*

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIII MARCH, 1936 No. 3

Birthdays

By President Louise Yates Robison

DID those fine women of Nauvoo have vision of a future for Relief Society? When it was organized what did they expect the standards would be in 94 years? How nearly are we carrying out their aims in meeting conditions today? Birthdays are milestones and a review of the past as well as plans for the future seem appropriate.

The record of Relief Society is evidence that the "naked have been clothed—the hungry fed and the sorowing comforted." Many have had loving service of which no record has been kept.

We can celebrate our birthday—March 17th—with feelings of gratitude and satisfaction for the accomplishments of the past, but with solicitude for the future, we must find where we can improve.

For a hundred years we have been taught correct principles by inspired leaders. The challenge for each of us today is: How are we teaching these principles in our homes? Those who make the excuse that "times have changed" may not realize that often it is the method of meeting the situation that has changed. Honor and truth and loyalty are as essential today as they ever have been.

In a testimony meeting recently a young woman made an appeal to mothers to help develop in their children a greater respect for the Sabbath. I wish every young mother could have heard her speak of her own childhood. Preparation for Sunday began on Saturday morning when her mother would assign the different household tasks. When the sweeping, dusting and scrubbing were accomplished, food was prepared to make unnecessary any cooking on Sunday. Not all of the children had special Sunday clothes, so the best they had were cleaned and pressed; shoes were shined and baths taken. When the material things were in readiness, there was always an hour for Bible stories or Sunday School lessons. When Sunday morning came it was different from other days—there was order and peace. Children were not urged to attend Sunday School—they were prepared—and eager to go. This was not an unusual home. Many of my readers had the same experience in their childhood. Could not this same program be adopted today with profit? It was my good fortune to be acquainted with the wonderful mother of the Sister who described her girlhood home. Three of her children are now my friends. One is a counselor in a Stake Presidency, one in the Relief Society Stake Presidency and one is the Stake President of Primary.

Relief Society's project is Bible reading in the home. This comprehends more than the number of chapters read by the Mother. It means teaching the children to know the contents of the Bible by telling stories appropriate to the age of the child.

A delightful method of teaching the Scriptures is used in one of the mission homes which I have been privileged to visit. When the group comes to the dinner table, each person gives a favorite Scriptural passage; this makes an harmonious atmosphere for the blessing on the food which follows. The "Articles of Faith" or the Sunday School Sacrament Gem can be taught in the same manner.

Respect for the General Authorities of the Church and an interest in their lives can readily be taught by remembering birthdays in the home. If on the birthday of the Prophet Joseph Smith or of President Grant, the mother would plan a special treat for dinner, flowers for the table or a birthday cake and the children who are old enough would be prepared to tell some incident in the life of the honored one, a lasting impression could be made.

Before the baptism of one of the children or the young son becomes a Deacon, the whole family should be taught why these ordinances are performed and make a real event of the occasion. Prayer, tithing, the Word of Wisdom and many other important principles can be taught in the home when children are young. It requires care and thought, of course, but may we not find that "times" have not changed so much as the attitude of parents?

Having a son or daughter interested in the Church or holding a position of responsibility is the most glorious compensation for any effort that parents make.

My birthday wish for the members of the Relief Society is that we make the standards of our Church the foundation upon which we build our lives. They are our only safeguards in a world of doubt.

HOW BIG?

By Alberta H. Christensen

I cannot tell how big I am
'Cause things have sort-of mixed me up.

Suppose I take some doughnuts,
Just three or four or so—
My mother says, "Enough, my son,
You're pretty small, you know."

But if I scratch my elbow
Upon the garbage can,
Why then she says, "There, there, don't cry,
You're mother's great big man."

I cannot tell how big I am,
'Cause things have sort-of mixed me up!

How Can We Strengthen Our Homes?

By Counselor Amy Brown Lyman

FOR convenience and clarity this subject will be presented under three topics—Preparation for Home Life and Parenthood; Organization of Home Life; Ideals and Standards; and this is done without regard to sequence in subject matter and with a realization that topics necessarily overlap.

Preparation for Home Life and Parenthood: In any discussion of The Home and Home Life, we naturally go back to some of the fundamental elements that go to make up the ideal home. We are reminded of what Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said—that in order to have an ideal home and ideal home life and the right kind of children, we must start with the great-grandparents. He placed great stress upon the influence of heredity and background and upon the importance of proper mating.

Dr. Edward T. Devine holds that if the home is to fulfil its proper function it must meet certain minimum specifications, material and moral, and of these specifications he says the fundamental ones, from the child's point of view, are "that the home should be founded on true love and marriage; that the parents should be healthy in mind and body, or at the very least free from transmissible defects and disease; that the father should be able and willing to provide an income, and that the mother should be able to manage a home and have the intelligence and disposition to give children the care which they need."

It is being realized more and more that young men and women should have special training and education for home life and parenthood; that these subjects are far more important than Greek, Latin or mathematics. And it is gratifying that in some of our schools and colleges today courses are being given in *The Family and Family Life.*

Miss Johanna Colcord, a student of family life, maintains that much of the family trouble today resulting in divorce and desertion is due to the fact that boys are not trained to work and make a living, and girls are not trained to be home-makers and mothers.

Organization of Home Life: Our attention in this article is especially directed to our question, which amplified is—What can Relief Society women today do to strengthen their homes which are already long established and which have shown some weak spots? We cannot begin over again. Perhaps there is a way by which we can improve and strengthen them if we but give sufficient thought to the matter. Perhaps a survey of our own homes by ourselves, based on certain accepted standards and ideals, some of which we shall attempt to enumerate, might reveal some latent potential strength which we possess, as well as our weakness, and point the way to correction and improvement. Stock-taking is as valuable in personal and family affairs, and may be as profitable, as stock-taking in business.

Social economists tell us, in the first place, that a home should cost no more than double the yearly income, or the income for two to three years, never to exceed three years; that people who go beyond this are sure to meet financial difficulties, unless rescued by a streak of good luck,

which is rare and not to be depended upon.

They tell us also that home life should be organized and regulated just as a business is organized and regulated; that income and expenditure should be formulated into a budget arranged by the family jointly—a budget which includes all of the receipts and disbursements. For either parent to have secret receipts and disbursements is not conducive to harmony and real efficiency. If there is a regular income, and it can be arranged, the wife, as a partner, should have an allowance for which she is responsible; each child should also have a definite allowance, however small.

There should be a division of work and responsibility in the home; a lively sense of obligation; willing cooperation and reciprocation. There should be a sharing of advantages and sacrifices. In home operation there should be a definite weekly schedule, with certain days for certain work; also a definite daily schedule, a regular hour for doing the various daily tasks, regular hours for arising in the morning and for going to bed at night and for meals. There should be a time for every task and every task accomplished in its time—a place for everything and everything in its place.

Ideals and Standards: High standards of home life and high ideals are a great protection and a powerful aid toward righteous and successful living. They help to regulate our lives and our behavior, to furnish motives, to stimulate ambition, to govern our choices and decisions. They help us to resist temptation, evil and wrong-doing.

Home standards are first set by the new home-makers or newlyweds, and depend, in a large measure, on their background and training. They are based largely on the standards of the homes which the young people have just left. As time goes on they may be raised and improved, or again, unless great care is exercised, they may be lowered. If high standards are set and maintained in the home and riveted in the minds and lives of children, they are apt to remain as a guide and influence throughout life. They will form the strongest weapon of defense, and will become as mighty armor in the battle of life.

Latter-day Saints accept all of those excellent ideals and standards of living as defined and set up by social economists, educators and moralists, and considered by them as fundamental to the highest physical, mental and moral growth. This position is supported by the Thirteenth Article of Faith—"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to ALL MEN: indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul: We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy we seek after these things."

They believe that homes should be clean, well kept and sanitary; that there should be the proper kind of food for growth and sustenance; that there should be opportunity for physcial and mental health, for education, character development, recreation, moral and spiritual growth. They foster family solidarity, family pride and righteous ambition. They encourage cooperation and reciprocation in the home, also good ethics and good behavior. They strive to minimize friction, and lessen family tensions. But in addition to all this Latter-day Saints have the restored

Gospel with its comprehensive plan of life and salvation as a guide to their feet and a light to their paths.

Latter-day Saints agree with sociologists that the family is the most important of the social institutions. They believe, in addition, that it is a most sacred and holy institution and that family life is the most important of all human relationships. This conclusion is based upon their belief in pre-existence, in a future life, in the immortality of the spirit, and in the eternal and everlasting union of husbands and wives and of parents and their children.

The Latter-day Saint standard of marriage is the Temple marriage ceremony. Simple and without ostentation, it is dignified, impressive, and comprehensive. In connection with it a vow of chastity is taken which is a glorious consecration, and a powerful influence in preserving the high single standard of morality for which the church has always strongly stood and which generally has resulted in good morals and in happy marriages.

Tithing is accepted by Latter-day Saints as a law of God to man. To observe the law is to be obedient to our Heavenly Father. The law contains promises of rewards, but the greatest blessing is no doubt the satisfaction which comes from obedience to a law of God.

Important among the guides to right living is the Word of Wisdom, a revelation given through the Prophet Joseph Smith in the interest of temporal salvation. This document, which emphasizes the proper care of the body, condemns tobacco and alcohol, advises against the use of hot drinks and other stimulating foods, and promises unusual blessings to those who observe it.

Other ideals and helps to spiritual development are family and secret prayers and the blessing on the food; the observance of the Sabbath Day, including attendance at Sacrament Meetings and partaking worthily of the Lord's Supper; the observance of Fast Day. Fast Day observance is most important and beneficial. It is a blessing to those who give and to those who receive, and is a most appealing and satisfactory opportunity of being a "good neighbor."

The greatest asset to any home is spirituality. It is the most dynamic force for good that we know anything about. Real spirituality, however, does not just happen, it is not a thing separate and apart from our every day lives, to be had and enjoyed at will. It comes as a natural result of faithful, consistent, righteous daily living and obedience to God's laws.

MY PRAYER

Dear Lord, let me see life always as I do today,
Keep Thou my footsteps, lest they go astray,
Take away the indecision and the fear,
Help me make the ones I love, each day more dear,
Do not let my mind go back to miseries past,
Or let mistakes I've made dark shadows cast;
Help me to be a model mother, wife and friend,
And keep me loyal and devoted to the end.

—*Alice Marie Stoddard.*

Opportunity

By Counselor Kate M. Barker

WHAT do men in this audience think today is the best gift that God on high could give a human being? . . .

"The best gift that I can conceive that God could give to one human life is opportunity. A man may be an excellent surgeon, and may have his work at his fingers' end, but if he never finds anyone who needs his help, he can never attain to success in life. Only the men to whom God gives an opportunity to do things can make a success of life. . . .

"What was Christ's joy? It certainly was not in ease and comfort; it was not in long life or in the applause of men; it was not in riches and things of that kind. Who will question, when we come to really think of it, that those things are paltry things compared with the lasting joy of having done things?"—W. T. Grenfell.

IN order to meet intelligently opportunities that come to us, we must have an informed mind, we must know the facts and understand their meaning, we must be able to think clearly. Much of the world's weakness and many of its wrongs come from lack of straight and honest thinking. We must know the truth if the truth is to make us free. But important as correct ideas are, they alone are not enough. Combined with these intellectual guides we must have right ideals, motives, loyalties—those motivating qualities which come from the heart. Mind and heart must work together: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind."

Our educational courses in Relief Society have been preparing the women of the Church to meet opportunities for service intelligently. Perhaps never were a group of women better prepared. But are we becoming more concerned with our own self-development than with the service we can render others? Do we realize that a self-centered life tends to defeat its own purpose? Every single addition we make to our lives increases our responsibility. Jesus, who set the example, had the greatest of inner strength and purity, but led a life remarkable for its objective interests. He "went about doing good." To those with whom He came in contact He brought joy and happiness.

OPPORTUNITIES for doing good are on every hand. We were told by the Prophet to "assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of community life; to raise human life to the highest level." Are we meeting this opportunity for service, or are we passively permitting the dollar value to take precedence over the value of human souls? Changes do not come by thinking fine thoughts or by forming good resolutions alone—changes come when these ideals and resolutions find their way into action. Perhaps, as never before, the world needs clear thinking, resulting in courageous action—not just day-dreaming.

We cannot shut our young people out from environmental influences,

we can only try to improve those influences. In our smaller towns, where the majority of the population are people with the same ideals, surely if the women unitedly work for Gospel standards in community activities, great good can be accomplished.

Opportunities do not only come in helping to solve the big problems of the world, but in all the little contacts of every-day life, and here is where most of us fall short. Any opportunity for kindness is a big opportunity. A British Prime Minister was asked: "How big is the under-secretaryship for B.....?" "As big as the Under-secretary," he replied.

How big are the seemingly little opportunities for service all about us? In their possibilities for doing good and increasing happiness they are as big as we make them. Perhaps the greatest contribution that most of us will be able to make is right where we are in our own home and in our own community. But most of the work of building a better world must be done in and through ordinary jobs, in the home and in improving local conditions. By seeing the opportunities there and meeting them, we contribute to the great work of building the Kingdom of God on earth.

THE UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILD

By Lucy Woolley

Poor little one, you tried so hard to learn,
Your eyes raised trustfully, with eagerness to mine;
And o'er and o'er the word forms slowly traced,
Your wee lips sounding each one, line by line.

You finally grasped one—how your eyes would beam!
"I know it ev'ry time—it's here, and here!
I won't forget"—but lo, when morning came,
'Twas then as if that word you'd never seen.

"I want to learn to read—the others can—
Why can't I 'member what the words should be?"
"It just takes time, dear, but together you and I
Will climb this reading hill of yours and see
What fun it is when all the words we know
And we can read and read, so gay and free."

Then you would smile, but in that smile I'd see
A trace of yearning mixed with sadness, too.
You'd tried so hard—some did not seem to try,
And yet they rambled on—left you behind.

Where have I failed that you can't journey on
To realms of pure delight in Storyland?
Is there some way to reach your meagre mind?
Oh, God in Heaven, make me understand!

The Dean of Auxiliaries

By Judge Oscar W. McConkie

If your weary hands have worked to exhaustion, in aid of broken bodies, not your kin; and if you have moistened their fevered lips, and made their sorrows bearable; or, if you have buried their dead, and with bleeding heart have offered condolement, sympathetically; or, if, as in agrarian districts, you have traveled far, facing biting cold and blinding storm, cheerfully, in quest of desolate homes with barren floors, their boards acreak, and with cracked walls and dilapidated roof, and gaping and calcitrant disputants not infrequently the object of your search; or, if you have heard the wail and felt the sorrow of aching hearts, and have done something about it; or, if, as a devotee of divine excellences, you have been strong and of good courage; and have searched, eager eyed, for the dæmonic chains that enslaved a fellow being, and sought his release, being all the while aware of the ingratitude of the donee of your benevolence, and yet grew not dis-heartened nor contemptuous, then you are in some measure a comprehender of the A B C of Relief Society work.

THE Relief Society is the earth's most Christ-like woman's organization, to which membership virtuous women are eligible. It is a loyal supporter of Aaronitic and Melchizedek authority. It succors the needy and by aimful and able-minded administration imparts its substance to the poor. It is the artery through which Church relief flows, but sums allowable out of its alms chest are secret, given thoughtfully. Although not faultlessly administered, we are adorers of its delightful purposes and exalted program. It exemplifies true religion; reflects a spirit of angeldom, and its unselfish neighborliness approaches the love of self. It "suffereth long, and is kind," and envieth not any. It invites both commoners, in their humble surroundings, and the wealthy, in their spacious palaces, to aid its cause. It "is not puffed up," but in humility seeks the Lord's purposes, reflectively. It "thinketh no evil," for its meditations are fixed upon the needs of the poor. It rejoices in revealed truth, to which it clings in preference to the conflicting philosophies of men, as it accounts God as wiser than all men. It "beareth all things" patiently, without murmuring, and "believeth all things" whatsoever the Lord has said. It "hopeth all things," with faith unwavering, and "endureth all things" because of Christ. It is a developer of affability; a cementer of celestial ties; an alleviator of sorrows, and an impediment before ruin. Because it has not shut its hand "from the poor," but has opened "wide unto him," the cry of the poor has not ascended unto the Lord against it. "Mercy and truth" are bound "upon the table" of its heart.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit who come unto me, for therein is the kingdom of heaven." To lead the poor in spirit unto the Lord is the socializing that the Relief Society purposes. It approaches the problem by satisfying the hunger, physically and spiritually, and by clothing the subject's body. Through ex-

cellence in planning, and understanding in execution of program, baleful influences are destroyed, and mischievous standards, wherever possible, are replaced with a more creditable course of conduct. This renewing of hopes, satisfying of hunger, and protection of the body against the elements, is accompanied by a devoted and sympathetic tenderness that is helpful to all classes of people. By such means the Society hopes to citizenize according to Church standards. It aids the socially, intellectually, and spiritually underprivileged, and therefore imprisoned, to rid their aching limbs of the chains that are forged upon them. Thus many stupid, blundering, or recalcitrant fellows, as well as humble honest souls, whose lives have been touched with adversity too heavy to bear, and who would be glad if they could find the grave, are the subjects of its mercy. Like unto Abraham, it first ran and fetched "a morsel of bread" to comfort the heart, and like unto Isaac and Jacob, through affirmative action, it has sought the favor of the Lord. Collectively it is an accomplisher of divine purposes, and teaches those whom it approaches to serve one another. In well doing its hands are not stayed. "Blessed are they who have labored diligently in his vineyard." In all its activities it collaborates with the priesthood, under direction of which all its activities are performed. Both its officers and members have great concern for the poor, and administer their work in humility, and with love and devotion. It is a benevolent institution, whose knees "have not bowed unto Baal."

EVERY standard of righteousness, regardless of how trivial it may appear, that, directly or indirectly, leads toward God, is a standard of the Church, and is worthy respectful observance. Every standard, whether it be idleness, card playing, evil thinking, violation of the Word of Wisdom, dishonoring the Sabbath Day, or any act of commission or of omission whatsoever, whether committed or omitted regularly or intermittently, that tends in any degree to lead one from God is in opposition to the standards of the Church, and is at war with God. That there might be unanimity of comprehension the Lord has placed a prophet at the head of the Church, who, from time to time speaks agreeably to the will of the Lord, for the Church. The Relief Society is a helpmate to the Priesthood. It is the dean of auxiliaries, and is not an assailer of Church standards. It is an affirmer of them, and stands courageously for them, as interpreted by the Priesthood of the Church, which standards are achievable. Its belief in the Lord demands a wholehearted acceptance of the whole law, and it makes no segregation of standards based upon individual opinion. Therein lies its strength. Since God is unchangeable the rational conclusion is that He counts its belief "for righteousness." It delights in well doing, and rebels not "against the Lord," nor fears "the people of the land."

HE that hath the spirit of contention is not of me, but is of the devil, who is the father of contention, and he stirreth up the hearts of men to contend with anger, one with another." The Relief Society is peculiarly adapted to the promotion of peace, which seeds it has sown, and it "shall reap in joy." Its officers and teachers visit the homes of all the people of the Church, and

artfully, having great delight in their peaceful expectation, teach discussable truths, as well as administer to the physical needs of the people. It discourages disputations, believing that contentions degenerate man, and leave him blamable, and that hatred is the goddess of ruin. By precept and by example, and by charities variously expressed, it adapts itself to the needs of all the people of the Church. It acts humbly, and not with greedy eyes, nor with stubborn will, nor with caprice, but simply, all the while motivated by love, and by the hope that it might free the people from the pains that afflict them. Surely, it shall "be weighed in an even balance, that God may know" its integrity.

The Relief Society is in harmony with the plan of mercy. It is distinguished as an analyst of human needs. It understands that man ought not to "live by bread only but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." So it teaches, mercifully, precious treasures of knowledge, and pearls of great price. The Lord is its source of understanding, and its "shield an exceeding great reward."

An outstanding virtue of the Relief Society is the opportunity it affords for the spiritual and intellectual development of its members, for they study and are taught, not only doctrinal themes, and to give of their substance to the poor, but current issues. Its course of study is not an amassment of facty materials, but is aptly adapted to woman's needs, and to entice the society heavenward. It stimulates a dailiness of desire for educative and spiritual attainment, and enlivens tastes for the exquisite. It gives all who will work, opportunity to become more capable mothers, and aids to society, and teaches and trains woman to assist man to "replenish the earth, and subdue it," and to have dominion in the field where God has placed her.

SONG FOR MORNING

By Katherine Fernelius

I love the breath of the morning wind,
Blowing so cool against my cheek,
Whispering hope for the dawning day,
Bidding me rise, go forth and seek!

I love the tasks that the day brings forth,
The trivial tasks that make the whole;
Each, well-done, is a further step
To the ultimate goal.

I love the clasp of a friendly hand,
Strong and true, as a band of steel
Welding our fragile lives in one,
Lasting through every woe and weal.

I love a song on the lips of youth,
The joyous song that comes from the heart,
A genuine smile, a genuine tear,
In Life's great mart.

She Came to Scoff

By Clara Perman

MONOGRAMMED traveling bags lay open on the davenport; an array of silks floated from the backs of chairs; the floor was adorned with dainty slippers of every color and style. A knock at the door brought a girl from behind a large wardrobe trunk. Some might have thought her beautiful; but to the close observer Barbara's loveliness was spoiled by a certain hardness in the eyes, a cold defiance. Possibly it was because they seemed too brown for the silky soft gold of her hair.

"Come in," she called, prepared to meet Don's surprise.

In the profusion he appeared more sleek and immaculate than ever.

"Got a job!" she announced.

"Job? Where? What?"

"Teaching school. Rural, I guess. Called Yates—up north somewhere."

"Yates! Say, I've heard of that place. Why it's right out in the sticks and every family there is Mormon—you'll be ostracised—if not kicked out!"

"I don't care whether they're Mormon, Methodist, or Mohammedan. My application stated that I had no religious preference—so—they can kick me out for lack of religion; but I'd like to see them stop paying my salary!"

"Why worry about a salary — your mother and dad both have scads of money—let's get married —we could keep it a secret till I'm out of school if you want to." He walked over to a little cabinet and started to mix a cocktail.

"When I marry," Barbara returned, "I want to be so happy that I'll shout it from the housetops. I'll have to be very, very sure for I want a real home. It's something I never had—batted back and forth between mother and dad—dumped into fine schools—all the money I wanted—but it doesn't satisfy. I'm hungry for something and I don't know what it is. I've heard work is a good tonic for that. One year of work and I'll give you your answer."

AND so it was that in September Barbara was located in the little rural community of Yates. It was true, every family there belonged to the Latter-day Saints' Church. Their social life was closely allied to their church. Barbara's only religious experience had been one visit to Sunday School. Deeply impressed with the story of Christ Blessing the Little Children she had taken her picture home and asked to be taken to see this man. The laughter that followed had made her throw the picture away in disgust. It was a fake. There was no such man. Her later life had brought no further proof of his existence. Remembering Don's warning of ostracism she kept strictly aloof and fought the wretched loneliness with hard work.

ON the third Sunday morning Mrs. Wright, with whom she stayed, joyously announced. "I'm having a family reunion here today in honor of my nephew Anthony, just home from missionary service."

Barbara did not rejoice over the news. Not until a call for dinner came did she go down. Her eyes grew harder as she steeled herself for meeting this undoubtedly long, thin, pious missionary and the cold shoulders of the others. Don's great wisdom, however, lost a little prestige when warm smiles greeted her and friendly hands were extended.

The men were just coming in from outdoors. Above the heads of the others towered a crop of black unruly hair, two twinkling blue eyes, and the broadest smile of any. He was far from being thin.

"What on earth, Anthony?" called his mother as she began to dust him off.

"Well, they bet I'd forgotten how to tie a calf and I had to show them!" Barbara decided her previous picture was a little far fetched and found herself not minding it in the least when he was placed next to her at the table.

The afternoon raced into church time and Anthony, taking it for granted that everyone went to church, said to her, "May I *ride* you over?"

Barbara didn't want to sail under false colors, "Oh, I don't attend. I don't belong to your church. In fact, I'm plain heathen."

"Well, if the church only admits members, it won't do a very big business, will it?"

This hinted of sentimentality which she despised, "As a likely business prospect—I'm just *not*—that's final."

"We've never yet forced anyone to take up our belief, Miss Barbara. You're perfectly safe in going, if you care to."

In the end she went, smiling *to* herself when Anthony got up to make a talk; but it was not the talk of a boy—a serious well-poised man told of his travels. There was something about his eyes that reminded her of someone; she couldn't think who it was. Now what were they doing? It looked like a bottle of olive oil—they were blessing it—a laugh went up her sleeve.

When Anthony took her to a dance in the same building the next Saturday night, she was amazed; when the dance opened with prayer, she openly showed her amusement until he explained, "We believe in taking our religion with us wherever we go."

Barbara studied this a while then said, "I don't know but what you're right. The dances I usually attend are opened with a corkscrew." As the evening wore on she made other comparisons which were very favorable.

When Anthony was leaving he said lightly, "Church tomorrow night?"

"On one condition—no discussion of religion." It was agreed. The procedure was adopted for continuing Sunday nights. Barbara even played selections for special music occasionally. Anthony was true to his word.

AT a service about the middle of December the bishop announced, "The funeral of the Jones baby will be held tomorrow afternoon. As yet I have found no one to play the organ. The trip will have to be made on horseback as the mountain road is blocked with snow. Will anyone volunteer to do this service?"

There was no response. At last Barbara said, "I shall be glad to go." Anthony managed to squeeze her hand surreptitiously.

"It's nice to feel that I'm a little part of it all," she thought to herself the next day as half frozen she had to be helped into the little house already filled with women cleaning, cooking, caring for the children. Love—their eyes glowed with it—they made no exceptions but rubbed her hands and feet, poured warm milk down her—a motherly tenderness that she had never known.

With no previous conception of what death meant, Barbara passed into the living room; saw the tiny homemade casket. It might have

been a doll lying there asleep. Little waxen fingers rested daintily upon its breast. Slowly she placed her music—"Safe in the Arms of Jesus" —the words took on meaning — somehow she hoped it might be true.

As the old organ responded to her fingers something began tightening at her throat, choking sounds came forth over which she had no control. Barbara had never been known to cry. She hated it; when the last note died away she fled from the room and threw herself upon a bed.

Soon Anthony came to her. He took her hand, "We have to face these things, Barbara, it's God's will."

"Oh, but a baby! I think it's terrible! How can these parents believe in a God?"

"It's their belief that makes them able to endure it."

"I know it," she cried impulsively. "I envy all these people—the joy, the comfort they get out of their belief!"

"Yet you're determined to flounder around in nothingness," he said softly.

How well he had expressed it. Nothingness. Could this be the cause of that yearning she had always felt? She made no answer. He went on,

"Perhaps if you wouldn't oppose it so—would take time to really give it some study—this something in your life that has made you so bitter —haven't you been fighting it with the wrong weapons? What has your hardness gained you?"

Anthony could be so right with so few words. She decided to try the other method.

The next day Anthony brought some literature—but Barbara took it to her room—and hid it. Perhaps she had just been an emotional fool after all.

THEN came Christmas and she was vacationing in the city. Don came. "Bobbie," he cried, "you're more beautiful than ever—you're different—something about the eyes —"

Just then the old gang rushed in upon her. Soon the drinks began to circulate. Barbara laughed hers away saying, "Oh, when I was young like you kids I thought it rather smart; but now I see nothing clever about it. Any moron could do it!"

There was a chorus of, "Is she insulting us?" "Gosh, an old maid school marm after four months," and "Prunes, prisms, and persimmons!" Barbara didn't mind till she saw Don's look and caught his aside, "Why put a damper on everything —where are your manners?"

Possibly she had been rude. There were certain courtesies demanded of a hostess. She accepted a drink— the first in a long time—she could feel it to the end of her toes. Another one and she was saying, "Come on, let's go places and do things. I've been buried for four months."

For two weeks they went places and did things. In a half daze Barbara packed her bags to return to the country.

"I'll go with you to the junction where you meet the stage," said Don.

On the train she confided to him, "I don't see how I can ever go back."

"That's what I thought; so I bought a license. Suppose we can find a preacher in these dumps?" Barbara wasn't quite normal yet. The idea didn't seem bad as they stepped off into the lonely little station.

There stood Anthony. He came toward her. One look, and Barbara instantly sobered.

"Took it upon myself to come and meet you," he said, "the stage is slow and makes so many stops."

Barbara introduced him. Don glared, recognized the introduction with, "What's the idea of butting into our affairs? What do you have to do with this anyway?"

Anthony remained calm. His eyes held that serious kind look that reminded her of someone. She had never been able to figure out who it was. "Nothing at all," he answered quietly, "it rests entirely with Miss Barbara."

"Forget it, Don, put the bags in this car here."

"But you said—"

"I didn't say anything. See you when school's out. Goodbye!"

MILES of desolate land were covered; snow swirled about in the sand and dry sagebrush. Anthony said not a word. He was disgusted, of course. She didn't blame him. How she loathed it—even Don and all he stood for—she was glad to get back to the clean pure air of the country. Of one thing she was certain—she was going to climb out of this nothingness. Now she would have to do it alone—for she had lost Anthony.

Before they reached her home he said, "Barbara, at first I was interested in you because I wanted to win you for the church; now I know that I want to win you for myself. But if it's this Don, I won't infringe."

At first Barbara couldn't answer. He had no idea how impossible she was. Then she told him truthfully, "Oh, Don and I have talked of it; but there's nothing definite. I—I care a great deal for you—but I must be very, very sure."

"I won't urge you. I want you to be very sure. We'll let it drop till then."

BARBARA knew it wasn't Don now. All through the next five months she debated with herself. Anthony stood for a worthwhile life; she could picture herself growing into a splendid womanhood like that she saw all about her—a real home. She wanted Anthony's love more than anything else in the world—but this dark curtain that was between them—her unbelief—she tried hard to overcome it—studied all the literature zealously—there were so many wonderful things about it—but the old stony barrier of the years refused to move. Marriage would not be fair to him.

On her last Sunday in Yates they were alone in the living room. She must tell him it could never be. Just as she began there was a loud galloping of hoofs outside. A man swung off and rushed to the door.

"Anthony, Mary is terribly sick, can you come over and administer to her?"

Anthony reached for his hat. "Want to come along, Barbara?"

Like a Doubting Thomas she accompanied him; found herself in a home where strained silent faces avoided each other; eyes flinched as moans and shrieks of pain came from the sick room. They were carrying in a bottle of olive oil. Barbara remembered the first service in the church when she had laughed. Now she began to marvel as the moans ceased and heavy regular breathing showed that the sick woman had fallen asleep.

Anthony came out. There was that look in his eyes that had always haunted her. Suddenly she remembered. It was in the eyes of the man on her Sunday School picture. All doubt lifted.

She seemed to float out to the car—she put her hand in his, "Anthony, I'm very, very sure."

The Forum on Current Problems

By Julia A. F. Lund

ON October 15, 16 and 17, 1935, a very remarkable series of meetings were held in the spacious and gorgeous ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City. Entrance was by ticket only, and came through membership in the women's organizations of the world. The Relief Society representatives were invited through the National Council of Women, and had box seats with the Council officers. More than sixty thousand women applied for tickets.

This event of great national importance was the Fifth Annual Forum on Current Problems, sponsored by the New York Herald Tribune. The subject of the Forum was "America Faces a Changing World." The Chairman, Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Editor of *This Week,* assembled men and women from all over the world to discuss subjects upon which they were authorities.

There were six sessions, each with a special heading, a part of the general theme. These were in turn divided into subjects which had a direct bearing upon the major topic. Both sides of many questions were presented, and diversified opinions upon world problems were expressed, but one statement was made against which there was not a dissenting voice, and that was "The Women of the World must present a united front against war."

Mrs. Ogden Reid, vice-president of the New York Herald Tribune, welcomed the delegates. To her the vast audience assembled "represented a large portion of the thinking women—a still unrecognized supreme court—the Women of the World." Women will play an important part in the adjustments that must be made, and they are going to insist upon having a say as to what is right.

The sessions of the Forum were in the following order: first, "Trade and Peace;" second, "Some Assets of the Depression;" third, "Some Safeguards for the Future;" fourth, "The Rise of Culture in the United States;" fifth, "Propaganda: a Force for Good or Evil;" sixth, "What Americans Should Know of the New Philosophies of Governments."

Each session was of such absorbing interest, and so much material of immense educational value was presented, that to make a selection of what can be reviewed in a brief article, is as difficult as for the small boy in a toy shop to choose what he may have.

There was a most distinguished and extraordinary group of men and women assembled for this Forum. They came from the world of art, music, literature and science; from the most celebrated centers of learning—the great universities; from the fields of business and finance, from the seats of great governments, from the spheres of radio and the press, the theatre and the opera; all with a vital and individual message!

The selection of a few of the illustrious personalities will demonstrate this. During the first session, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt spoke upon "The American Woman's Place in the World Today." She made a powerful appeal for women the world over, pointing out that we

must think of our problems as a part of the great whole. American women have the best opportunity for thinking and acting, therefore they are in a position to assume leadership in the world of women. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, in discussing "Trade and Peace" said that the business of maintaining peace is a very real and positive necessity, but the United States has the opportunity to exert a great moral influence. The development of international trade is one means of preserving peace. Peaceful arts are the dynamic arts. Norman H. Davis, "The Colonel House of President Roosevelt," sounded the warning that we cannot keep peace by simply *wishing* for it, we must *work* for it. Sir Samuel Hoare, then British Foreign Secretary; Sir Josiah Stamp, Director of the Bank of England; Lady Rhondda; Hon. Paul Reynaud, Deputy for Paris; Dr. Paul Van Zeeland, Prime Minister of Belgium, were some of the distinguished Europeans who participated in the discussions. All the speakers of this session recognized the imperative demand of people for the abolition of War. Political problems are the immediate symptoms of economic disorders, a malady from which the whole world is suffering. We must stand for a new world, a new order of human relationship. The musical numbers were among the most delightful features of The Forum. These included John Charles Thomas, whose father was a circuit minister in the South. The father preached and the son sang. His first music book was a collection of hymns, perhaps that is why he can lift one to such heights. Sydney Rayner, tenor of the Opera Comique, Paris, rendered a group of beautiful songs. The Negro Spirituals take on new significance when sung by the glorious tenor voice of Roland Hayes. Edward Johnson, one of the greatest tenors of the Metropolitan Opera, and now its Director, discussed the place of music in American culture. He traced the development of opera from the days when the French singers first came to New Orleans. This was followed by the Italian Opera in New York. He told the story of the buildings before the Metropolitan, and reviewed the artists and directors. This year gives greater promise to opera lovers than ever before. Rouben Memoulin, the producer of "Porgy and Bess," spoke on "The World's Latest Fine Art" —motion pictures. He said that all entertainment is not *art,* but all *art* is entertainment. The genealogical tree of the moving pictures is still but a shrub, but it has a glorious future. The development of the screen is away from the stage into a field of its own. Helen Hayes spoke to the subject "The American Theatre Comes of Age." The theatre has now become respectable, and acting is getting away from "a job," and becoming a profession. The *director* has come to stay, and there has been a wonderful development in scenery. There are still some things lacking for its complete success, play-writing has not yet become a profession, the theatre is still metropolitan rather than national, but the future is promising. Jonas Lie, President of the National Academy, speaking on "Trends in American Art," said that art is international, but takes its type from within, or where it is conceived. By the work of our artists will our civilization be measured. It will outlive all other material things. The Depression has made people conscious of the need for art. Truth is vital in art, as in all else.

ONE of the most interesting sessions was on "Propaganda: a Force for Good or Evil." Some of the ablest speakers in the Forum discussed the various headings. It is the most dangerous weapon for evil that exists, with all the means offered today, notably the radio. All, no matter what the message, may present it to the world. This power is just as available to the evil as to the good. It may also, if directed in the channels it should go, be the greatest force for good and the most powerful agent for social control. Abraham Lincoln said, "He who molds public opinion goes deeper than he who enforces law or writes statutes."

IRITA VAN DOREN, Literary editor of the New York Herald Tribune, and Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis), International Journalist, were two of the outstanding women on the Forum program. Mrs. Van Doren is the first editor to bring foreign critics, as such, to America, and the only woman in America to edit a literary review. Miss Thompson is the best known woman journalist, and the most feared by corrupt politicians. She discussed "Government by Propaganda," and demonstrated its use by Hitler and Mussolini, whose Governments present the spectacle of masses of people held together by a fanatical belief in untried principles.

MAYOR LA GUARDIA, of New York, spoke on the "Depression's Debunking of Finance." The mystery has been taken out of finance, and the practices of speculators revealed. There is not a lack of confidence in government, but lack of faith in finance. We need a large dose of good old-fashioned honesty. The Government cannot legislate honesty, but it can *jail the cheaters.*

SOME of the "Assets of the Depression" were "Better Housing," by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who explained the Government's program of housing; "Better Knowledge of Health Needs," by Surgeon General Warren F. Draper, United States Public Health Service. This has been a real blessing to the people.

DR. JOHN WARD STUDEBAKER, U. S. Commissioner of Education, in discussing "Modernizing Adult Education," said in the present time education is one of the best supports of morale. Education should make us see life as a whole, and the good life for all.

JOHN ERSKINE gave a most delightful and informative address in the "key note" speech in the "Rise of Culture in the United States." The soil in America is rich enough, and there is an abundance of seed. We have ploughed, planted and reaped—we are the *harvest.* Culture is a result of the best that has been thought and done in the past, but we must go beyond that and create things in our own right, look inside —be ourselves!

THE Universities were represented by Dr. Glenn Frank, of Wisconsin; Dr. Harwood L. Childs, of Princeton; Dr. Bruce Hopper, of Harvard; Dr. Elliot, of Harvard; Dr. Frederick L. Schuman of University of Chicago; Dr. James T. Shotwell, of Columbia, and many others of equal fame.

THE outstanding message of the Forum came in the words of

Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Professor of Physics, University of Chicago. In introducing him, the chairman said he was the youngest man to ever win the Nobel Prize, but his faith *"that God rules the Universe"* has brought comfort and peace to thousands of his fellowmen, and is a greater credit to him than to win the Nobel prize. His subject was "The Safeguard of Religion." How to live in the civilization he has built is the greatest problem of man. Religion is the effort to meet the most satisfying solution of life, and is its only real standard of values. In the words of the Apostle Paul "The spiritual man is alive to all true values of life."

I Love Old People

By Caroline Eyring Miner

I NEVER had a grandmother or a grandfather of my own after I was old enough to know their worth. I wonder if many of us do have, for like most good things of this earth, their true worth is recognized only in their loss. In consequence of my loss I learned early the worth of old people in my adoption of grandparents for myself.

Because old people so often become physically handicapped, with halting step and palsied hand, they sadly depreciate themselves and are often unappreciated by others as well. All too often they feel they are useless and dependent. Grandmother may break a dish or spill her food, and grandfather may need a cane or a crutch to get about, but spiritually and intellectually they are in their golden age.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule. There are instances in which the mind and soul seem to grow tired and old and dead along with the physical body. Then grandmother and grandfather may become disgruntled or even violent, and wander off or come to other harm. Ordinarily, however, the words of the poet Browning are true when he says, "Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be; the last of life for which the first was made."

IN the town in which I lived as a little girl an old couple lived in a convenient little brick house near the church building. They were grandmother and grandfather for the whole town of children, all of whom first became acquainted with them through class visits sponsored by the Sunday School or Primary. That was how I first met my adopted grandparents, and how I first learned to love old people.

Grandfather had strange and interesting tales to tell of the early days of the church when he lay imprisoned and suffered countless other persecutions for his religion. It was an inspiration to listen to the words of wisdom, so fresh and vigorous, coming from the lips of this feeble and stooped old man.

Grandmother was a virtual invalid with no children or grandchildren, save the many children of the town who had adopted her. She was a convert from some middle western town and was as cheerful, and tidy and neat as her freshly painted kitchen. She told me the story of her conversion and of her early life; taught me how to knit and gave me countless recipes, and best of all,

allowed me to visit with her and help to make her bed-ridden hours a little less lonely.

SINCE my first happy introduction to old people and the richness of their long lives, I have met and loved many of them. They are the great oaks in the forest of people, gnarled and covered with moss but full of experience and dignity. They have been tried in the furnace of life and so are tender and sympathetic to those of us who are just in the burning. When I am around them I want to keep still and just listen for they are so full of wisdom and experience that it just bubbles over like a clear spring, too full to be longer restrained. So few people will listen to them, it seems, calling them 'Old Fogies.'

I think often of the words of Ruskin when I think of old people. He said in effect, why waste your time on ten cent people when in books you can converse with kings and princes of wisdom? The old people of our homes and communities are the kings and princes of wisdom and experience. Why do we not value more our acquaintances with them? I count among my most valued acquaintances the grandfathers and grandmothers I know and have known. I truly love old people.

A Case of Devotion

By Superintendent Ralph B. Keeler

HERE is a case of exceptional devotion to church work that I believe is worthy of a little recognition.

Mrs. Maude Farnsworth, President of the Colonia Garcia Ward Relief Society, mother of thirteen children, rode twelve miles on horseback and forty-five on the fender of a Ford roadster, over unimproved mountain roads in northern Mexico to attend the Quarterly Stake Conference of the Juarez Stake which was held the later part of last November. The thirteenth child of this mother was held by another mother in the crowded car during the journey.

The above incident is only typical of this good sister's interest in gathering information, and otherwise better equipping herself to direct Relief Society work in her little ward. She labors under many handicaps and surmounts many difficulties as this incident demonstrates.

MAUDE FARNSWORTH

Achievement

1842-1936

By Annie Wells Cannon

BLESSED are the women of the Relief Society, as in retrospection they look down the corridors of time, and mark the progress of their great organization through the past ninety-four years.

It was a courageous step, and a challenge to the world when on March 17, 1842, the Relief Society was organized, for at that time scarcely any privileges or opportunities of education were afforded women. It is a satisfaction to note that through this long period, nearly a century, the Relief Society has kept pace with the 'March of Time.' From a membership of eighteen women it has grown until today there are nearly seventy-five thousand and the *Organization* is both national and international in name and scope. It reaches into far lands until it spans the world with its band of organized womanhood.

A telepathic circle of thought is created as almost simultaneously songs of praise, fervent prayers, and general programs are engaged in by this great sisterhood.

So systematic is the work that the general president is in touch with the operations of each branch, no matter how far removed, and is able to send a call for assistance or give instructions and receive an answer within a very short time.

PRIMARILY, as the name implies the aim of the Relief Society was to look after the needs of the poor and distressed, but from the inception of the movement it was evident that the Latter-day Saint women were entering upon an expansive program of development along spiritual and educational lines, scarcely dreamed of before for women.

"To look after the wants of the poor; to assist by correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community; to save souls; to grow in knowledge and intelligence; to be merciful even as our Father in heaven is merciful; to be pure in heart; to be united and cooperate for good," were the words with which the "key was turned for woman" and the Relief Society launched on its philanthropic mission.

These instructions by the Prophet Joseph Smith, together with a perfect lesson in parliamentary law and procedure, form the foundation on which the Relief Society is built, and proudly stands today, among the foremost organizations of the great women of the world.

NATURALLY with such a beginning *Leadership* is a distinguishing feature of the organization; appointment to hold office and to teach, requires one to obtain knowledge and confidence.

In the establishment of organized charity, it was early demonstrated that the better way was to help people to help themselves. The women realized the fact that "work was preferable to alms-giving, for the former drives out indolence, the latter industry." Direct and indiscriminate giving, save in cases of emergency, was discouraged. Also the policy has been to avoid institutional

care and localize in small groups the disbursement of *Charity*.

FACING the organization in the beginning there were innumerable problems to solve and many things to do. There was poverty, sickness, and also new converts arriving from other states and foreign lands, and these things were the first consideration. The membership rapidly increased and a corps of visiting sisters was organized to seek out cases of distress and report the needs. This was the beginning of the teacher's work which now engages the services of thousands of women.

The people were striving to build a Temple and the Relief Society helped by furnishing board and room and clothing for men who were donating labor, and besides they raised a penny fund to furnish glass for the Temple windows.

Because of the bitterness, and strife and threatened persecution these women prepared a memorial in behalf of their people and furnished the means to send a delegation to present it to Governor Carlin at Quincy, Illinois.

In the forced exodus from Nauvoo the Relief Society women, though separated in different companies coming west, carried the spirrit of the work through the journey, over prairie, plain and mountain, and ministered in the camps of Israel at Sugar Creek, Garden Grove, Mt. Pisgah, and Winter Quarters. In the rude temporary homes at Winter Quarters, meetings were held to comfort, encourage and keep up the morale of the women.

From such women as these has come a heritage of courage and service to inspire the daughters of Zion to continue the good work.

AS homes were built and wards established in the Salt Lake valley, it seemed time to reorganize the Relief Society. A few wards were organized from 1851 to 1857, but from 1866 on the work of organization was rapid and constant. To further cement the work, in 1887 ward units were formed into stakes until today there are over 1700 wards, 115 stakes and 30 missions, all functioning under the supervision of a board of general officers and directors along their different lines of endeavor as a great auxiliary to the Church.

THE benevolent work of the Relief Society embraces different phases and a review of the various purposes for the outlay of means is quite enlightening. The first consideration always is the care of the poor and figures, though counted by tens of thousands, would fail to estimate the relief thus given. In the covered wagon days help was given to emigrate new converts, and care for them after arrival until they could establish themselves; funds were subscribed for the militia men called to protect the settlers against Indian attacks; by their industry and business sagacity, through sewing, knitting, weaving, holding bazaars, giving parties, entertainments, saving and selling Sunday eggs, means were raised to help build schools and meeting houses, buy land and erect Relief Society halls and buy wheat and build granaries.

Home Industry, of necessity in this isolated region was religiously fostered and besides the sewing of clothing, quilting, carpet-making, the women made candles, soap, dried fruits and even braided straw for their bonnets. They also engaged for many years in *Sericulture*. Mul-

berry trees were grown and three silk factories were established. Many yards of silk cloth and beautiful ribbons were manufactured. The experiment, however, was too costly to compete with the imported article and after a few years was discontinued. The fine specimens of silk displayed at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 were pronounced by experts to equal silk raised in France or Japan. The general officers of the Relief Society own a much prized banner made of Utah silk, which was made for, and carried in the Jubilee parade in 1897. At the State Capitol are some exquisite Utah silk portieres which were hung in the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition.

A Women's Fair was opened in 1876 where the Relief Society exhibited their handiwork and many beautiful articles were sold. At the close of the summer season these displayed articles and the success of the Fair led to the establishment of a *Woman's Store.* This store besides being an exchange where handiwork could be brought and sold on commission, also included dress making, millinery and employment departments. Temple clothes were made here and rented or sold. When the store was discontinued the Temple clothing became the immediate concern of the General Board and evolved into the beautiful and successful *Burial Clothes Department* now conducted under their supervision.

THE Relief Society women have always taken an active part in matters of government and worked with all women for the privilege of universal *Suffrage.* In Utah the franchise was granted by legislative enactment in 1870, and many of the western states had suffrage long before the 19th or Susan B. Anthony Amendment was passed. The women in these states gave much assistance to the women of the nation to bring about that victory.

OBTAINING the suffrage brought about the establishment of a paper by the Relief Society women called *The Woman's Exponent.* This was one of the first woman's papers west of St. Louis. At one time it carried the caption, "The Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations." The Relief Society motto later was changed to *"Charity Never Faileth."* The *Exponent* reported the activities of the Relief Society, contained articles of historical and biographical nature, items of current interest, stories, poems and editorial instructions. It was a medium for the encouragement of women writers. In 1914 it ceased publication and was succeeded by the *Relief Society Magazine,* which follows the same policy and is of invaluable help and benefit to all its readers. Besides these publications the Relief Society has published a number of books, pamphlets and circulars. The most pretentious of these is *The Women of Mormondom,* written by Edward W. Tullidge.

THE mission to gather and store *wheat* against a day of famine was given the women of the Church by President Brigham Young. This work was faithfully carried on for 42 years when the wheat was called for by the government of the United States during the World War. At that time there were 200,000 bushels of wheat, stored mostly in elevators belonging to the Church. The small granaries had long since been in disuse. During the years some

wheat had been loaned for seed, when through drought crops had failed to mature. Once a carload of flour from Relief Society wheat was sent to the famine sufferers in China, and a carload was shipped to San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire in 1906. Since the purchase of the wheat by the government, the interest on the money has been and is being used for health purposes.

ALWAYS alert to the needs of the hour it early became apparent in the making of new settlements there was a need of midwives and nurses. A number of women were assisted by the Relief Society to attend medical colleges and prepare themselves, not only to practice but to teach classes in obstetrics and nursing. This led to the founding of the *Deseret Hospital,* which for a number of years was conducted under the direction of the organization. *Domestic Nursing and Midwifery* were taught and hundreds of cases cared for. Institutes were also held in distant settlements that lives of mothers and babies might be saved and trained care given. Later large classes were trained under the patronage of the Relief Society. These nurses under the direction of a superintendent gave fine service in the homes at moderate prices, or if necessary, without pay. Now to the large modern Church hospitals the Relief Society contributes linen, fruit and other supplies. *One Materity Hospital* is at present conducted by the Cottonwood Stake Relief Society.

EACH period of time has its own demands on a community, but as its social, industrial and economic life changes, different requirements are made. Where the main incentive is to benefit others, methods and conduct must change if the course is onward and the vision clear.

COOPERATION with other organizations in regard to public questions of service — Suffrage, Temperance, Red Cross, Peace, and others, social and humanitarian—led to an affiliation with the National and International Councils of Women. The Relief Society is a charter member in these Councils and regularly sends representative women, as delegates to the conventions and congresses which are held at stated intervals in different capitals of the world. These delegates hold responsible positions in office and on committees and their assistance and judgment is much respected.

THE Relief Society is legally *Incorporated* because of its extensive holdings; this does not, however change its status as a Church auxiliary.

The untiring labor and daring enterprise of the pioneer women, prepared the way for the later ventures into the more cultural and educational programs. Means were raised by the establishment of different funds, to provide and furnish suitable *Headquarters* and *Offices* and for traveling expenses of officers and board members in their official visits to conferences and conventions.

THE *Adult Educational Program* furnished the members is prepared by professionals and closely approaches a university course in excellence. Theology, Literature, Sociology, Home Ethics and Domestic Art, and Teacher Topic Training, are subjects printed in the *Relief Society Magazine* and given by selected teachers in the several wards. The fine art of *Music* is at

all times encouraged. In the several wards are choruses or choirs of women, while the General Board maintains a choir of three hundred women known as the *"Singing Mothers,"* who furnish music for the Relief Society conferences, are at times asked to sing at sessions of the general conference of the Church and occasionally broadcast over the air.

THE women of the present generation maintain the high standards set for their organization by the Prophet Joseph Smith at the first meeting, nor have they forgotten the accomplishments of those who pioneered and carried on the work before them.

Living Memorials have been established to the honor and in the name of the past presidents. While at Nauvoo a beautiful *Monument* in imperishable stone has been erected and dedicated on the spot where the Relief Society was organized and in memory of that occasion.

A COMPLETE narrative of this magnificent organization—The Relief Society, were it possible, would fill a volume. Even in relating some of the outstanding accomplishments much is left unsaid.

After all, the finest achievement is the spiritual and educational advancement of the members themselves, for through every period of time, through every endeavor, has reigned the glory of *Spirituality*—that golden thread of *Testimony* holding sacredly together this band of sisterhood, whose lives are enriched beyond price by this sublime humanitarian service.

And Angels Shall Attend

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

YEP. Twenty years I've driven the loop Star Route and never failed to get the mail through but once. That was on account of Margaret O'Connel.

She's that southern convert who come west and bought Jake Quillian's dry farm. Paid him about what the improvements was worth and got stung at that. Outside the fencing there's nothing there but a straw stable and coop, and a shell of a house that stood, weather target, on a high knoll. There was three-four moist hollers where she could raise garden but the wheat land—well, you know what it is. One year you have a crop but most years you don't.

The O'Connels was quality, as they say in the south. One look told you that. And they was the tightest-mouthed outfit ever struck these parts. They wasn't stuck-up, mind you. In no time they had made a place for themselves in the Cole Creek ward. Folks liked them, liked them more as time went by but nobody called her just Margaret.

We belong to the Center ward. I've been taking mail to the folks in that valley every other day for twenty years. Off days I make the north loop. Mighty little happens I don't hear. I go within a quarter mile of their place so see the O'Connel's winter and summer. Jay, the oldest of the four youngsters, was sixteen-seventeen when they moved there.

Odd thing, too, about their mailbox. They put one up right off. I brought them a paper ever week,

two magazines a month and twice a year a letter. It was always in the same handwriting and from the same place in Virginia. If they wrote letters Jay must have mailed them when he went to Caribou.

Never forget my first sight of her. She was waiting at her mailbox to ask if I'd bring her some groceries. I usually was loaded, coming out so there's nothing about that to remember. It was HER, and my hat come off in a hurry.

She was a little whiffet—with hair as white as snow even then. But when you looked at her you saw nothing but her eyes. Afterward as the team plodded along, me taking mail out of boxes and putting more back, I tried to figure them out. I was mighty near home before something popped into my head. Somewhere I had heard 'Woman Athirst.' Yes, sir. That described them exactly. They had that all-seeing, feverish look of one athirsting for something. But what she was waiting for neither me nor Cole Creek knew for many a year.

As I said, we belong to Center ward but Alice's sister, Jennie Woolf, was second counselor in the Cole Creek Relief Society so I heard from all sides when Emma West resigned and Margaret O'Connel was put in first counselor. Right then Cole Creek come to life.

Yes, I am coming to the story of the mail.

"I can't explain," Jennie told us more than once, "the influence Margaret O'Connel has over the women. She takes literally all the Prophet said at that first meeting. About strengthening virtues and raising life to its highest standards. Geography, she said, and numbers have nothing to do with progress. She leads but the women are good followers. In no time our organization was going ahead by leaps and bounds. It's a miracle how many opportunities we can find right here in Cole Creek for improving ourselves."

That's the way she worked, and of all the women only Em West resented her. Em was jealous.

As for the dry farm, they worked long and hard. Right off they had bought a few head of sheep—and they handled them right. They had some good crops, too, so folks wondered why they didn't get ahead more. There was no new clothes, no fixing that took money. And in all them years she never sent cash for groceries. It was butter or eggs every time.

Jay wasn't more than twenty or twenty-one when he started going with Thala Hatcher. Right off folks reckoned they'd get married but as the years went by and they didn't it become just one more thing the O'Connels done different. Then this particular winter Thala begin stepping out with Carl Hansen. Jay only worked a little harder and talked a little less.

The winter they'd been there twelve years was a record breaker. I kept twelve horses on the route, working them in relays. Then sometimes it took twenty-four hours to get the mail through. Naturally I wasn't doing much thinking about anybody but I did notice the O'Connels begin haunting the mailbox. Ever trip the mother or the girl would be there huddling in the cold, eyes thirstier than ever, waiting, waiting for something that didn't come.

Afterward Jennie told Alice about their January sewing meeting when Emma West came near starting something. They had been discussing things they'd read as usual when Em pipes up with something she'd read.

"It's the funniest thing," she says, casual like, "about a man with the same name as yours, Mrs. O'Connel. He's been let out of Virginia state prison after being there thirteen years for murder. You wouldn't know him would you, Margaret O'Connel?"

"Why should she?" Len Davis demanded. "Plenty of people have the same name."

Now the women, Jennie said, was so busy glaring at Em they didn't notice Margaret O'Connel. But Jennie was standing close by her and she says her face went chalky and her hand shook so she couldn't thread her needle.

That and the O'Connels getting a letter out of turn was all that happened that winter except weather. That and one other thing.

One Thursday in March Mrs. O'Connel showed up at her mailbox and wanted to ride into Caribou with me. "What's up?" I says to myself. "There's a look in her eye that's different even for her." Aloud I answered, "You're perfectly welcome to go with me but hadn't you better wait until Saturday? There's some weather on the way."

"I must be in Caribou tomorrow mo'ning," she says, "I must be." And she climbed into the sleigh before I could help her. I give her a brick to keep her warm and tucked the quilts around her as best I could. She thanked me and asked about Alice but said little else. There was something about her voice and every once in a while she would draw a long sobbing breath like someone who's feeling so much they can't keep it bottled up.

It was getting suspiciously warm. For a couple of days it had thawed and misted. Then that night the thermometer had dropped to twenty below, and everything was froze into glass. Now, unless I missed my guess, it was fixing to snow which wouldn't help matters any.

At Aaron Ball's I stopped to change horses and while Aaron and me was hooking on the fresh team Ellen come out with some hot bricks.

"For goodness sake, Bill," she says, "as soon as you get where you can, call the Doctor. John West was over awhile ago but couldn't get him. I told him I'd call for him but the line is dead."

"Going to be some time before I get to a phone," I says.

"Dear me—he's expecting me to get the Doctor. I'd go myself but —"

"You'll get back in the house," Aaron told her. "You're hardly out of bed yourself."

Sure enough. We'd hardly left Aaron's when the blizzard struck us head on. I had a cover over the bobs but what with the wind and all it made mighty poor protection. The horses crept along foot by foot. Margaret O'Connel had been sitting like a statue ever since we left Ball's and when we come to the crossroads where we turn north she spoke.

"Let me out, please. I am going back to Emma West. The Doctah may not get there."

"I thought you had to be in Caribou tomorrow morning."

For a long minute she didn't answer. I could FEEL something going on.

"Let me out," and her voice was soft as ever.

"You'll never make it. It's a good five miles and getting dark."

"Please stop."

Now what could you do with a woman like that? I thought of my mail—of my record. Then I made a decision myself. And it was a relief for I'd heard what hard times Em has and with nobody there—

"Alright," I says, "but I am going too. Catch me turning a woman loose in this."

So I turned the team into the teeth of the storm and headed south for John's. It wasn't easy going I can tell you. Several times the horses slipped and fell and why they didn't break their legs I still don't know. We'd have been lost a dozen times if it hadn't been for the fences. Seemed like the wind and snow was racing to see which could do the most damage. Time after time I had to get out and tramp back and forth, back and forth through the fast gathering drifts until the snow was low enough for the horses to waller through.

"We'll never make it," I says.

"Of course we shall."

Dogged if I knew how but I urged my tired team on.

The last mile was the worst. We had to go around a shoulder of a big hill on a dugway. With ice for footing and the storm tearing hell-bent-for-breakfast around that point it would be crazy to attempt in the daytime. By now I couldn't see the horses. At the foot of the hill I balked.

"It's plumb suicide to try it. Sheltered here in the sleigh we do have a chance of hanging out until morning."

"I would start the team if I were you." And her voice had that soft-as-thistledown, unbending-as-steel tone it takes on occasional.

"What for?" I shouts for I was dog-tired to say nothing of being cold and hungry. "Just to get buried at the bottom of the hill? We'll never get over that dugway without help."

"We have help," I hear above the roar of the storm. "When we live up to our privileges we always have help."

Privileges. And the way she said it. And to me—a seventy. Well, I didn't need more than one reminder. Right then I knew we'd make it.

Then Margaret O'Connel begin talking about opportunities and development and how we 'often mistake the guise,' them was her words, of the opportunity. Sometimes I heard her. Sometimes I didn't but I knew what she was saying. We crawled ahead inch by inch. Seems like I lost all sense of time. I lost all sense of everything but the power that urged and suggested and refused to give up. If angels ever attended humans they did us that night.

Just as we got to the most dangerous place where we had to make the turn old Baldy starts snorting and backing. For one instant I thought he was going to back us right off into eternity. I got to his head as soon as I could. Then I begin pawing around for whatever had scared him. There with the snow drifted over him was a man. I picked up the poor thing and in the sleigh Margaret O'Connel, feeling about, covered him with the quilts.

At John's I drove right up to the kitchen door. Before I could stop John was there.

"Thank goodness you've come." Then, "Oh, it's you, Bill."

"Yes, but I brought Margaret O'Connel. Go into Em," I says to her. "We'll look after him."

We left the team standing while we carried him in. We laid him on the cot they keep by the kitchen fire. Then John went to look after the team while I started working on the poor frozen creature when Mrs. O'Connel come back into the kitchen. She give the stranger one swift look and there come over her such a change I knew this was what

she had been waiting for all these years.

"David." Then again, "David." And I think the listening angels must have wept at the sound. She dropped to her knees and her fine lady's hands that was knotted and calloused by years of outdoor work, went over his face feature by feature as a blind man's might.

There came a cry from the bedroom and the kneeling woman rose ready to help.

So while the storm raged without the three of us worked, worked and prayed. We done all we could for both and just as dawn come sneaking over the now quiet snow little Margaret O'Connel West rewarded us with a good lusty cry.

With the old man it was different. The shock had been too great. John and me saw it coming and finally the woman did too. Just before morning he opened his eyes and recognized her. We left them alone and when we come back he was gone. There was no outcry, no weeping, only a straightening of shoulders, a hard breath or two, and the work went on.

I left as soon as I could for the mail was still on my mind, but later Margaret, herself, told me the stroy.

Her husband, David O'Connel, had been convicted on circumstantial evidence. A neighbor they hadn't cared much for, had practically ruined himself financially trying to get the sentence changed. Above a bare existence they had sent ever cent they made to repay the debt. Just before Christmas the neighbor had been stricken and on his deathbed had confessed to the crime.

The old man had reached Caribou a day soon and knowing nothing of the weather had decided to surprise them. He had caught a ride most of the way but had mistaken the hill by John's for the knoll he had been told to look for.

"And just think, Bill," she says to me. "Had I not gone to Emma I should have missed that last priceless minute with him."

In April when Jay and Thala went down to get married she went along and come home more saintlike than ever.

Well, there is the story. Only time I fell down on my job in twenty years. Sure, I'm proud of it but when it comes to records it takes a woman with the Spirit of Relief Society back of her to excel in all things.

HAVE FAITH

The darkest night of grief or pain,
Though filled with countless fears,
Will lighten soon with faith and prayer;
He'll wipe away our tears.
The darkest night the world has known
Has never dimmed one star;
The darkest night a soul can know
May leave a lasting scar;
But it never dims Eternal Love
That bids us look to Him above.

—Elsie E. Barrett.

A Typical Case

By Edna May Irvine

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Grange, Relief Society President.
Her children:
Beth, age fourteen.
George, age sixteen.
Edith, age nineteen.
Mrs. Stay.
Mrs. Baker.
Sally Baker.
Phil Montgomery.

The action takes place in the living room of the Grange home. There is an outside entrance at the right, entrance to kitchen, left and to other parts of the house at center back. A telephone is just outside the center back entrance.

SCENE I

(The door bell rings. Mrs. Grange enters from left, dressed for washday, and answers door.)

Mrs. Grange: Good-morning, Sister Stay. Come in. Won't you sit down?

Mrs. Stay: I'm sorry to have to come to you, Sister Grange, but I just had to do something. My husband had some trouble at work and quit his job two weeks ago. When he came home and told me, I was so upset that I chided him for being so quick tempered in times like these. He got mad and we had a quarrel. He tossed me a five dollar bill, gathered a few things together and left, saying he might never come back. Of course I thought he would return when he got over his anger, but I have neither seen nor heard from him. The money is all gone and we just haven't a thing to eat, so I had to do something.

Mrs. Grange: I'm sorry. Have you any idea where your husband may have gone?

Mrs. Stay: Not the least. He has no relatives here and he hasn't kept in touch with any of his people, so I hardly think he would have gone to them.

Mrs. Grange: Are your people able to help you at all?

Mrs. Stay: They're all having a hard time to get along. In fact, most of them are on relief.

Mrs. Grange: Well, I'll give you emergency relief and we'll investigate and find just what is best to do. No doubt your husband is hunting for work somewhere and you will hear from him soon.

Mrs. Stay: That's what I think, but I just couldn't see the children go hungry.

Mrs. Grange: Of course not. I'll call Smith's Grocery and arrange

for you to get what you need for a few days. I know you are a good manager and I can trust you to get wholesome food for yourself and the children.

MRS. STAY: We've always had to economize, so I've learned pretty well how to get the best values for my money. (*She rises.*) I'm sure I appreciate this, Sister Grange, and hope I won't be a burden very long.

MRS. GRANGE: Wait a minute. (*She goes off left and returns with a paper sack.*) Here are a few homemade cookies for the children.

(Goodbyes are exchanged, Mrs. Stay exits right, and Mrs. Grange, left. In a moment the telephone bell rings. Mrs. Grange is seen at the center back entrance at the phone.)

MRS. GRANGE: Hello. Yes, Bishop. Well, I'm sorry to hear that. Is she very ill? Well, well. Yes, I'll go over just as soon as I possibly can. Yes, I'll take care of it. Goodbye. (*Mrs. Grange calls a telephone number.*) Hello. Mrs. Maxwell? This is Sister Grange. The Bishop just called to say Sister Robbins is very ill. I told him we would go over as soon as possible. That's fine. How soon can you be ready? All right, I'll call for you. Goodbye.

CURTAIN

SCENE II

It is 4 o'clock. Beth Grange is seated at a table studying. George comes in left, noisily, throws his books on the table, sprawls in a chair.

GEORGE: Where's mom?

BETH: Don't you know what day this is?

GEORGE: Oh, gosh! Tuesday. I suppose we're going to have beans for supper.

BETH: What if we were? Beans are good, nourishing food. I like them and anyone who doesn't has poor taste.

GEORGE: Sez you! I hate 'em.

BETH: A fine soldier you'd make. As it happens we're not going to have beans. Hurry and get some coal and fix up the fire. As soon as the oven's hot, there are some individual meat pies to bake.

GEORGE: Oh, swell. But just let me rest my weary bones awhile.

(He props his feet up on the table where Beth has her papers.)

BETH: George Grange! Take your big feet off my papers and off the table. And hurry and fix the fire. It's after four and you know mother always likes us to have a good fire when she comes.

GEORGE: Oh, heck. I wish mom would quit that Relief Society job.

BETH: What for? So she could stay home and keep up the fire and so save you, I suppose! Maybe you'd like her to even get your wood and coal. I think she has a perfect right to go to Relief Society if she wants to.

GEORGE: Well, who said she hadn't. But I don't see why she wants to. Messing around with poor folks and sick folks and dead folks. That's not my idea of enjoying life.

BETH: Well, someone has to do it and mother seems to think it's her duty just as much as anyone's. I think she's doing a pretty good job, if you

ask me. Now get out and do your chores, and leave me alone. I've got lessons to get and it's Mutual tonight.

GEORGE: Guess I don't have to go to Mutual, and guess I haven't lessons to get, and hard ones, too, not those baby Junior High lessons.

BETH: Scram. (*She throws a magazine at him.*) I know they're terribly hard. That's why you generally come to me at the eleventh hour to get me to help you.

GEORGE: Oh, gee, I'm tired, Betsy. Why couldn't you get a little exercise by making the fire once in a while? I'll bet you don't even know how. Gosh! girls have an easy life.

BETH: Poor little over-worked Georgie Porgie. I'm to prepare the dessert and if you don't leave me alone, it'll be just too bad, for I'm going to get my lessons no matter what.

GEORGE: What are you going to make?

BETH: Applesauce! Clear out of here. (*She goes after him.*)

GEORGE (*keeping out of her way*): Gee whilikins, Betsy, why don't you make lemon pie?

BETH: If you'd be decent and help instead of bothering me so much, I might try.

GEORGE: OK. I'm your huckleberry. I mean your lemon.

(He disarranges her hair or something of the sort.)

BETH: I'll say you're a lemon, and a bad egg, too, and also a pie face.

GEORGE (*Taking her by the wrist*): Well, come on, come on, if you want me to help you. I'm a busy man.

BETH: Oh, all right, all right!

CURTAIN

SCENE III

The setting is the same. Beth and George are seated at the table, Beth studying and George reading the funny paper, but with his books before him. Mrs. Grange is seated, darning stockings. Edith enters from left carrying some folded clothes.

EDITH: I'm sorry I couldn't finish the ironing for you, mother.

MRS. GRANGE: That's all right dear, I'll finish it in the morning.

GEORGE: Did you iron me a shirt?

EDITH: No, I didn't, George. I abominate ironing shirts.

(Edith continues on her way, going out center back.)

MRS. GRANGE: You have clean shirts in your drawer, George.

GEORGE: No decent ones. Look at this one. Sleeves nearly up to my elbows.

MRS. GRANGE: You are growing, son. I'll iron you one first thing in the morning.

EDITH (*who has reentered*): Why don't you try ironing yourself a shirt, George?

GEORGE: Say, what kind of sissy do you think I am?

EDITH: That wouldn't indicate that you are a sissy. You are always saying you hate girls and are never going to marry, so it might be a good idea to darn your sox and iron your shirts as well as to make pies.

GEORGE: Aw, cut the kidding. I didn't make the old pie. All I did was make the fire and read the recipe. I noticed you ate it all right.

MRS. GRANGE: Don't tease, Edith. I think it was lovely of George and Beth to make pie for us.

EDITH: I'm not teasing. I'm just giving a bit of good advice. I thought the pie was fine, even if we did have to eat it with a spoon. It reminded me of some of my own attempts. (*She goes to Beth and pats her on the shoulder.*) Don't get discouraged, Bethie, you're becoming a fine little cook. (*She passes to George and tousles his hair.*) You, too, Georgie. (*She springs lightly out of his way as he swings his arms above his head. Not catching her, he smooths his hair.*)

GEORGE: She's just feeding us bologna, Beth, so she won't have to do anything.

EDITH: Are you nearly through, Beth? It's about time we were going.

BETH: I just have to finish this page. (*Edith starts out center back. The phone bell rings and she answers.*)

EDITH: Hello. I'll call her. For you, mother.

MRS. GRANGE: Yes? Oh, yes, Bishop. Is that so? No, I hadn't heard. I was there this afternoon and I could see she would not last long, but hardly thought it would happen quite so soon. Do you think we should go tonight? All right. We'll go first thing in the morning. Very well. Goodbye.

GEORGE: There it goes. I'll bet I'll have to wear this shirt tomorrow, or one just as bad.

MRS. GRANGE: Shame on you, George.

BETH: Is Sister Robbins dead?

MRS. GRANGE: Yes, poor old soul. I knew it would not be long.

EDITH (*reentering*): Mother, what became of that brown dress of mine, with the plaid collar?

MRS. GRANGE: Why, I gave it away. I thought you said you wouldn't be wearing it any more.

EDITH: Neither will I be. I believe I did say that.

MRS. GRANGE: I'm sorry. I should have asked you first.

EDITH: That's all right. I had just thought I might fix it over, but perhaps I wouldn't have bothered.

BETH: That's one hand-me-down I won't have to wear.

GEORGE: By the way, mom, you didn't give that green sweater of mine away, did you? I haven't seen it for a dickens of a while.

MRS. GRANGE: Yes, I gave it away, George. You hadn't worn it for so long, I thought you were through with it. I gave it to Mrs. Montgomery for Phil. I feel sorry for those half-grown young people who get so few of the things they want.

GEORGE: Gosh. I saw Phil with that sweater on and I thought it had a familiar look.

MRS. GRANGE: Well, I hope you don't begrudge it to him, and of course you won't let on that you recognize it.

GEORGE: Of course not. Phil's a fine kid. He's welcome, but I'll bet it hurts to have to wear cast off clothes.

BETH (*rising and gathering up her papers*): Don't I know!

MRS. GRANGE: I'm sure it won't hurt you children to realize that.

(Edith enters dressed to go out and bringing Beth's hat.)

BETH: Don't hurt yourself studying, Georgie Porgie.

GEORGE: Don't worry about me.

MRS. GRANGE: Have a good time, girls. (*They exit right.*) I think I'll make out my report while you are studying. Then you can take it for me on your way to school in the morning.

GEORGE: You wouldn't be able to hold that Relief Society job if it wasn't for my help, would you, mom?

MRS. GRANGE (*on way out*): I'm afraid not, George.

(The phone bell rings and George answers.)

GEORGE: Hello. I'll call her. (*Calls.*) Mother.

MRS. GRANGE: Hello. Yes, Mrs. James. Yes, it's Union Meeting Friday. Will you please call Sister Brown and tell her? She has charge of that, you know. She'll probably appoint someone to go in your place. That's all right. Goodbye. (*Mrs. Grange is not seated when phone rings again.*)

MRS. GRANGE: Hello. Oh, yes, Sister Richards. How nice. Where are you going? That will be lovely for you, but we will miss you at meeting. Will you notify Sister Johnson so she will take care of the class while you are away? That will be fine. I hope you have a splendid time. Goodbye.

GEORGE: Mom, I should think you'd train those dames to call the ones who have charge of the work instead of bothering you all the time.

MRS GRANGE: They know, but perhaps they think I should also be notified, and of course I should know.

(Mrs. Grange is just seated and starts on her report when the doorbell rings.)

GEORGE: Are you having a meeting here tonight?

MRS. GRANGE: No, dear.

GEORGE: Cause if a lot of women are coming here, I want to get out.

MRS. GRANGE: Answer the door, please.

GEORGE: Oh, good evening, Mrs. Baker. Good evening, Sally. Come right in.

MRS. BAKER: Is your mother home?

MRS. GRANGE: Come right in.

(The usual greetings are exchanged, chairs taken, etc.)

SALLY: Where's Beth?

MRS. GRANGE: She went to Mutual with Edith.

GEORGE: Maybe I can take her place.

SALLY: Sure you can. We came to see you.

GEORGE: How nice.

MRS. BAKER: I came to tell you that I have the play selected and also the cast, in my mind. I'm just around notifying some of them tonight. I want George to take a part.

GEORGE: Me? Not me. I'm not going to be in any Relief Society play.

MRS. BAKER: Sally and I both think you're just the one for the part. I hope you won't refuse.

GEORGE: Naw. I can't act. I don't want to be in any show.

MRS. GRANGE: Don't be contrary, George.

GEORGE: Well, I haven't got time. I have lots of lessons, and besides —well, I just can't do it.

SALLY: Come on, George, be in it. We'll have lots of fun.

GEORGE: Are you in it?

SALLY: Yes. You and I have to play opposite.

MRS. BAKER: Show him the part, Sally, and let him see how cute it is.

(Sally and George go to the table and lean over it reading and talking. Sally points and laughs and gestures all in dumb show.)

MRS. GRANGE (*to Mrs. Baker*): How soon do you expect to put it on?

MRS. BAKER: Within a month. (*The two older women continue to talk unheard.*)

SALLY: Isn't it cute? You'll do it, won't you, George? He will mother.

(George doesn't get a chance to protest and besides has weakened.)

MRS. BAKER: That's fine of you, George. I appreciate it. We'll meet tomorrow evening for the first reading. Now we must go, Sally. I want to see two or three others tonight.

GEORGE: Say, am I the only male in this thing?

MRS. BAKER: Oh, no. You'll have plenty of backers. Don't worry about that.

(Goodnights are said and Mrs. Baker and Sally exit.)

GEORGE (*taking out pocket mirror and surveying himself*): Gosh, why don't people let you know when they're coming. Just look what a sight I am. My hair all tousled, and this shirt.

MRS. GRANGE: You look all right, dear. Well, let's get back to work.

CURTAIN

SCENE IV

Time—A week later

As the curtain rises, George is holding a small mirror and putting something on his lip. Beth and Edith enter from the left and pass to the right exit.

EDITH: Using lipstick now, George?

GEORGE: No, I'm not. Can't a fellow doctor a cold sore?

BETH: Oh, Georgie Porgie! Been kissing the girls!

(George glares at them as they pass out.)

MRS. GRANGE (*entering from left*): Why, how nice you look, George. Having practice tonight, aren't you?

GEORGE: Yes. Mom, is there any way of stopping a cold sore?

MRS. GRANGE: You might try camphor. That may scatter it if it

isn't too well developed. I'm afraid you're eating too many sweets, George. I'll bring the camphor when I come back.

(She exits center back. While she is gone, George primps. Mrs. Grange returns and hands George a bottle.)

MRS. GRANGE: Here you are.

GEORGE (*smelling*): Will it make me smell like this?

MRS. GRANGE: No, the odor won't last long. You'll take me to Sister Phillips' and call for me, won't you, George?

GEORGE (*dejectedly*): Call for you—what time?

MRS. GRANGE: We're having a short meeting and a social, so it will be about 10:30.

GEORGE: Oh, heck, ma.

MRS. GRANGE: What's the matter, dear? You are usually so willing to accommodate me.

GEORGE: Well, I had other plans tonight.

MRS. GRANGE: I see. I wonder how we can arrange it. I suppose I could walk, or I could miss the social part if that would be best for you.

GEORGE: Oh no, mother. I wouldn't have you do that. We usually get through practicing about ten. I was going to take Sally for a little spin after, but I suppose her mother will tag along anyway, as usual, so we may as well make it a foresome.

MRS. GRANGE: That doesn't sound very gracious, George. I don't know that I want you if you feel like that.

GEORGE (*putting his arm around her shoulder*): Now, mom, 'course you want me. You know I think you're the finest mother I ever had. Have I got halitosis?

MRS. GRANGE: Don't be silly. I don't detect it.

GEORGE: Well, let's be off.

(Door bell rings.)

MRS. GRANGE: Answer the door. I'll get my cake. (*Exits left.*)

GEORGE (*at door*): Hello, Phil. Come in.

PHIL: Is your mother home?

GEORGE: Yes, she'll be here in a minute. Sit down.

PHIL: No, I'll have to go back. Going to the game?

GEORGE: No. I've got a practice. Are you?

PHIL: I was going, but mother's sick. I just came to ask your mother to come over. She seems to know just what to do when mother gets one of these spells.

GEORGE: Another heart attack? (*Phil nods.*) That's too bad.

MRS. GRANGE (*entering from left with cake box*): Good evening, Phil.

GEORGE: His mother's sick again.

MRS. GRANGE: Is that so? One of her attacks?

PHIL: Yes. I guess you were going out, Sister Grange? I'm sorry to bother you, but as I was just telling George, you seem to know just what to do for her.

MRS. GRANGE: That's all right, Phil. We were having a meeting,

but they can get along nicely without me if necessary. (*Quietly, to spare Phil.*) George, you take this box to Sister Phillips and explain why I won't be there.

PHIL: I'm afraid you were going to a party, Sister Grange.

MRS. GRANGE: Not much of a party. Just light refreshments after a meeting. George get me the Spirits of Ammonia. (*George exits center back.*)

PHIL: Maybe mother will be better in a while so you can go anyway.

MRS. GRANGE (*bustling about putting on her apron, etc.*): I hope she will, but don't worry. I'll stay until I think it safe to leave her.

PHIL: I'd better hurry back. Sis gets so scared. Or do you want me to walk over with you?

GEORGE (*reentering*): I'll bring mother over.

(Phil exits hastily.)

MRS. GRANGE: Here take these things, George. I believe that's all I'll need.

GEORGE: Gee, mom, it's too bad you have to miss that party. I'll bet you're disappointed, too, but you wouldn't let Phil know it.

MRS. GRANGE: It can't be helped, George. Duty first, you know. Tell the girls where I am, if they get home first. And don't stay out too late, will you dear?

GEORGE: I'll come right home after practice and see how things are. Maybe you'll need me. I guess if you can give up a party, I can do a little sacrificing, too.

MRS. GRANGE: That's very sweet of you, George. Turn the light out.

CURTAIN

Is Your Child Afraid of Storms?

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

IF your child is afraid of storms you should meet the situation at its earliest manifestation with wise sympathy and a firm yet understanding determination to right the condition. Most children will show evidence of fear of terrific wind storms, electrical storms, or heavy rain storms if there is not a wise parent or some other understanding adult at hand to explain the phenomenon.

Many children become afraid of storms through watching an hysterical mother, older sister, aunt, friend or maid. Most of us have known some foolish mother who has stuffed key holes, pulled down the shades, and taken the children into a dark closet during an electrical storm. Such mothers are engendering a stupid and senseless fear in the minds of their children who would otherwise be fearless of such things. We humans must face too many storms in our lives to be harnessed with such a handicap as fear of the elements.

One wise mother made it a practice of taking her children, while still infants, out into the storms. She would laugh softly, and clap her hands at particularly brilliant electrical displays. This taught her children that it was something to be enjoyed, not something to fear and hide from.

Another mother armed herself with accurate yet simple explanations of the cause and action of storms. When the occasion arose she was prepared to allay any fears which might arise in the minds of her youngsters.

A CERTAIN family was spending the summer high up in the mountains of one of our canyons. Everything had been delightful until one day dark clouds began to gather. One of the aunts of the family began to fret and worry for fear it would storm and make it impossible for her husband to come up the canyon that evening. This fretting and worrying had its effect on the children who soon began to stay close to their mothers.

Finally the storm broke. A flash of lightning tore through the grey sky. The nervous aunt screamed. Children who never before had been afraid of storms started to cry. Surely there must be something to be afraid of when Aunt Clara was so frightened. The storm was terrific; one which taxed even the nerves of the bravest of mothers to keep fear out of the hearts of the seven children in the party.

The children were gathered together by one of the windows. Elizabeth, mother of four of the youngsters, explained about the clouds, and the thunder and lightning. Gradually the children grew quiet and listened. They sang songs, and clapped their hands when the thunder rolled.

Aunt Clara continued to scream with each clap of thunder and flash of lightning. It was explained that Aunt Clara was not well, and that she was nervous, and that everyone must help to make her feel better. This gave the children a sense of responsibility which pleased them and helped them to forget their own timidity.

Gradually the cabin on the side of the hill seemed to be floating in a dense mist. Mother Elizabeth pointed out that they were actually inside a cloud. "Just think, children, now you can tell your friends how it looks and feels to be inside a cloud." A thrilling thought to even the tiny tots!

The storm cleared and the clouds floated down into the valley and left the little party high up on the mountain with a billowing sea of clouds below. It was a rare experience which most of the children will never forget because one mother was wise enough to understand and point out the beauties of the elements on rampage.

But the story does not end there.

One little three year old of the family did not come out of that experience unscathed. She was too young to understand all of her mother's explanations and stories. The vivid picture which remained in her little mind was the fear exhibited by her neurotic aunt. The strange thing was that at home she showed very little signs of fear of storms, but for years afterward the mere appearance of grey clouds in the sky, while she was in the canyons, would send her scurrying to her mother's arms for comfort and shelter.

For three consecutive summers her weeks spent in the canyon were over-clouded with fear of a storm. Finally her mother decided that something had to be done about the matter. So, she suggested that the children put on a little play for the grown-ups.

"We will call our little play, The Good Little Cloud. The upper half of the stairway will be the sky, and the lower half will be the mountain. John will be the Sun; Pauline, the Moon, Bonnie and Beth will be the Flowers down here on Earth; Jimmie and Tom will play the part of the Raindrops; and Jean (the nervous child) will be the Good Little Cloud. I will tell you the story and then you can practice the play and we will have it tonight while there is a bright fire in the fireplace."

The interested children gathered around to hear the story.

"Once upon a time there was a Little Cloud floating around in the sky. She was lonesome because she had strayed away from her family. She wanted to do something to make someone happy, but she could not find anything to do. She asked the Sun if he knew of a job she could do, but the Sun only laughed at the Good Little Cloud.

"You help?" laughed the Sun. "Clouds are only a nuisance. You clutter up my clean sky, and keep the Winds busy sweeping you away. You spoil picnics down on earth, because the earth folk think you are going to rain on them. No, Little Cloud, there is nothing for you to do, but you will please me if you will get out of my nice clean sky."

"The poor Little Cloud felt sad and lonely, but she was a happy Little Cloud and could not stay sad very long. After a while the big bright Sun gradually sank out of sight, and the sky was dark. The Little Cloud felt more lonesome than ever then. Finally the sky began to grow light, and then lovely Lady Moon came up over the mountain. She smiled at Little Cloud.

"Little Cloud, what are you doing out alone so late at night?"

"I cannot find my family, and I can't find anything to do. Lady Moon, isn't there something that I could do to make someone happy? I want to be useful," pleaded the Little Cloud.

"Indeed I do know of something that you can do to be useful! Do you see that lovely garden down there on earth? The Flowers have not had a drink for days. Do you see how they droop their pretty heads because they are so thirsty? You could send some Raindrops down and save their lives."

"Oh, Lady Moon, you are so good and kind. I will send my Raindrops down and save the lovely garden."

Then the Little Cloud clapped her hands, and down came the Raindrops. Down, down, down they went until they came at last to the garden. The Raindrops danced among the Flowers, kissing their drooping heads. Finally the Flowers began to revive and straighten up. Then they raised their heads and drank the cool moisture from the Raindrops.

Lady Moon smiled at Little Cloud in the sky.

"See, Little Cloud, you were useful after all, for you have saved the beautiful garden."

THE children were delighted with the play and spent a whole afternoon rehearsing for the evening performance. Little Jean was particularly delighted with the honor of being the leading character, and entered into the part whole-heartedly. The evening performance went off exceptionally well, and the little play had the desired effect upon Jean. She seemed at last to realize that the clouds were friendly after all, and that the storms were only doing good.

Surely there is some such solution for almost every case of fear of storms if we will only take the time and patience to find it.

FAITH'S COMFORT

By E. Heloise Merkley

God sent a tiny snowflake
To whiten Earth's dreary mould;
It fell where the sun was shining,
And vanished, though spring grew cold.

God sent a lovely flowret
To blossom in summer's day;
But winds grew cold, and the tiny bud
Drooped sadly to fade away.

God sent a cherished baby
To grow in a home of love.
Its smile turned into suff'ring.
God called it again above.

But somewhere the snowflake is falling again
And somewhere the bud opens wide.
And some day the parents, forgetting their pain,
Will smile with the babe at their side.

What Contribution Can the Home and Community Make for the Advancement of Music?

By Adeline Rasmussen Ensign

FIRST, what is music that we should contribute to its advancement? We have been told many times and in many different ways that music is of "Divine origin," "The Speech of Angels," etc., but I am not sure that we know its true value in applying it to our own lives.

Music accompanies life through all its stages from the soft lullaby a mother sings to her new-born babe, to the sorrowful, sombre funeral march indicating the close of life. The "Morning Stars" sang for joy. David, the shepherd boy, soothed the spirit of King Saul with song. Armies have marched forward to victory urged on by the spirited, stirring music of the martial band, and broken hearts are comforted by music's healing power.

IN thinking of a definition of music I would say, Music is that gift from God which penetrates the depths of the heart, reachable by no other means, to purify and refresh it. It stirs that something within us to look about for higher and nobler ideals and assists us in attaining them. It calms the most troubled mind and can change the whole outlook on life.

Now, as to the place that music should take in our homes, Robert Louis Stevenson said this: "To make a home out of a household, a good fire and good music are necessary, and inasmuch as we can do without the fire for half the year, I may say music is the one essential." Music is the educator of the soul and its duty is to strengthen it and if it is the main force in making a real home, is there a sacrifice too great then that a home can make for its advancement? We often see parents who wouldn't deny their children anything when it comes to their material welfare and comfort, but when it comes to their cultural development, where the soul of the child is involved, it is quite another matter. There is a vast difference between a child who has had the advantages of a musical education and one who has not. "Poverty of wealth is easily repaired: Poverty of soul is impossible to repair." Think it over.

PERHAPS some homes cannot afford to have the extra expense of music lessons added to their budget. These past few years have dealt severely with a great many families, but music in these instances ease the situation and should be encouraged more than ever. The great music educator and pianist, Guy Maier, said: "Contrary to the general notion, I feel that an intelligent musical parent is often the best beginning teacher for a young child." Some of the great masters of music were taught by their parents. I wonder where Mozart would have received his training had it not been for his father. Bach, who is known as the father of modern music, received his first training from his father, the same is true with Beethoven, Schubert, Liszt and many of the other great musicians.

Many parents think that their responsibility ends when they place their child in the hands of a competent teacher, but they are mistaken. A child that practices daily under the influence of an interested parent is fortunate indeed. That child will make rapid progress and practicing will be a joy instead of drudgery. It also strengthens the bond between parent and child.

IT is an interesting study to watch a group of children listening to the rendition of a musical selection. Age doesn't necessarily mean a thing. Perhaps the youngest child of the group is the most attentive. Why aren't the older children more appreciative? Understanding makes for greater enjoyment in everything that we do. When the famous painter, Whistler, was asked why the need of art study in painting, he replied: "Take the guard in the National Museum. He sees great masterpieces from morning to night. He lives among them for years, but in countless cases he knows far more about prize-fighting than he does about art. Merely rubbing up against art can not make one an artist or an art critic. The only way to know art is to study art." Catherine Drinker Bowen in her book, "Music: A Friend for Life," says, "If only our children could discover music for themselves, and not be pulled into it, sulking under the harness! Verbal persuasion is unwise; exposure, repeated exposure, to good music is what turns the trick. But it must include more than listening."

THE radio is a great mental and spiritual asset to the home, but it should be used as an addition rather than a substitute to the music created by the members of the household. Radio programs should be carefully selected, for if we make the right use of the radio, it will not only be the means of enjoyment, but the source of education. Imagine hearing a great symphony orchestra and an opera direct from the Metropolitan Opera House, in your own home. The wise parents will see that the children take advantage of these programs so their taste for good music will be developed. It will be interesting to contrast the different programs that are broadcast and encourage the desire for the higher type. However, no matter how beautiful the programs on the radio, they must not take the place of the music created by the family. Can you imagine a more beautiful sight than to see a family where all are taking part, some playing on instruments, maybe some are singing, each one in tune with the others; each one trying to keep in harmony with the rest. Don't you think that this unity and training reaches farther than their music? Don't you think that it is carried into other fields in life?

MUSIC is a safe-guard in the lives of young men and women for it leads them to desirable companions, and it occupies their time that would otherwise be wasted. It leads them to the better things in life where the common and vulgar have no place. It cultivates self-control. It teaches rhythm. All life moves in rhythm. Music must have rhythm to live, and when we respond to the rhythm in music, we find we are in step with the world. Rhythm makes life flow smoother.

WITH music taking such a place in our home life isn't it natural that it should spread into our community activities? Business men are being awakened to the value of music. They are not only turn-

ing to it themselves for recreation, but they are fostering musical organizations within their own institutions. Have you noticed how happy every one is when engaged in community singing? Presidents have been elected by a stirring song sung during their campaigns. Every one likes to sing, it buoys up the spirit and all cares are forgotten. Wise employers are using music as a means for better cooperation and unity among their employees. Music is the best bond of comradeship. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor said, "Music is a friend of labor for it lightens the task by refreshing the nerves and spirit of the worker. It tends to make work pleasurable as well as profitable and adds to the enjoyment of leisure time." Many of our most prominent men have had musical training. Einstein, the great scientist, is a capable violinist. The great steel king, Charles M. Schwab, was a music teacher and organist.

EDUCATORS are realizing more and more the value received from music training in our schools. Some of our United States Commissioners of Education and our School Superintendents say, "The value of music in our schools can hardly be over-estimated. Probably after the three R's music is of greater value than any other subject." "Music has the greatest cultural importance of any other subject; it has a practical importance as great as reading, writing and arithmetic." "Music is essential in the development of the aesthetic life and the emotional life, and is just as important in the school program as arithmetic." Realize that these statements were made by men who are not musicians.

At the annual convention of School Superintendents, otherwise known as the Department of Superintendents, these resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1—That we favor the inclusion of music in the curriculum on an equality with other basic subjects. We believe that, with the growing complexity of civilization, more attention must be given to the arts and that music offers possibilities as yet partially realized for developing an appreciation of the finer things of life. We, therefore, recommend that all administrative officers take steps toward a more equitable adjustment of music in the educational program, involving time allotment, number and standard of teachers and equipment provided.

2—We believe that an adequate program of high school music instruction should include credit, equivalent to that given other basic subjects, for properly supervised music carried on both in and out of school.

3—Recognizing the great interest manifested at this meeting toward making music a more vital element in education, we recommend that this subject shall continue to receive attention of the Department of Superintendents, and be included in the discussion groups of its annual program.

LET us make every day, music day. Let us not merely listen, but along with our children let us participate, for when we once know the joy and satisfaction gained by expressing ourselves in that great universal language, the "Language of the Soul," then, and only then will we know the true value of music.

"From the heart it hath come and to the heart it shall penetrate."

Mother Makes a Rag Carpet

By Zipporah L. Stewart

AUTUMN was a glorious season on the farm, when I was a child. I associate with it not only the lovely color and the days of Indian summer haze, but other memories, that have become richer and more filled with sacred meaning as the years go by. Fondest among these, is the memory of my mother's old-fashioned rag bee.

In those dear old days when the kitchen and dining room occupied the same space in our farm home, it was customary to make a carpet every other fall.

Preparations for this gala rag bee day began a week in advance. First of all a day was chosen that would not interfere with any other activity in the neighborhood. One member of the family was sent with a note inviting all the women who lived nearby. Those who lived farther away were invited at church on Sunday. No one, I'm sure, so far as my mother knew was ever slighted.

THE rags were the next thing to consider. Rags that had been collected since the last carpet was made, were brought out and dumped in a pile on the floor, ready for tearing.

There were rags of every color and of every hue. Old outing flannel nightgowns, petticoats, calico aprons, skirts, dressing sacks, threadbare blankets, furniture calico lounge covers, and a variety of faded well worn pants, underwear and stockings.

Mother with one of my older sisters prepared them and we younger ones did the tearing. Each article as it was pulled from the pile brought memories of its past usefulness or occasions associated with it in some way. Two or three evenings spent with the rag pile, and they were ready for the bee.

NEXT the house must undergo a general clean-up. Especially the parlor and kitchen where the guests would be. The stoves were polished with black lead and the nickle parts scrubbed and shined. A brass boiler on the side of our "Home Comfort" range was cleansed with salt and vinegar and made to gleam like a mirror. Pots and pans were scoured. Sunday dishes were taken from the top shelves of the cupboard, washed well and put back. Walls and ceilings were dusted and curtains were shook. The beautiful old brussels carpet on the parlor floor, with its bright red roses and shaded green leaves, was swept and sponged until it looked like new. Everything was in apple pie order and we children were begged to keep it so, at least till the guests arrived.

THE real fun began the day before the bee, when mother made the pies and doughnuts. A large crock jar of home rendered lard was carried in from the cellar. The bread pan full of mince meat, made especially for this dinner, was placed on our kitchen table. The pie making began early in the morning. By noon time ten or twelve were baked and cooling on the table. What beautiful pies they were. I say beautiful, because they were so

perfect, with their pretty open cut flower design on top, the krinkled edge and the golden brown color. Of course I need not tell you they were delicious. I shall never forget them.

After dinner the doughnut making began. For hours mother would stand over an iron kettle of boiling hot, home rendered lard. She cooked the doughnuts while one of my older sisters, who had stayed from school to help, sugared them. Dozens were made before they ever thought of stopping.

Toward evening the chickens were brought in. After supper we younger ones sat around the table and watched mother and the older girls clean them, and cut them up ready for the chicken stew next day.

WHEN bed time came everything about the house was immaculately clean. It seemed almost like the night before Christmas. Mother was tired but always a feeling of satisfaction and contentment radiated from her after a day's work like this had been accomplished. She loved to know that her pantry shelves were loaded with good things to eat and that her neighbors and friends were coming on the morrow to enjoy it with her.

AT last the rag bee day arrived. We were always excused from school on this day to help mother and to care for the babies and young children who came, so the mothers could work.

As soon as breakfast dishes were washed and chickens on to stew, the guests began to arrive. Mary Ann Egbert was so dependable. She was first to come and last to go. Then came Vickey, Rose and Ruth Layton. These three always came together, they married brothers, and lived in a row down our street. Next Aunt Flora and Aunt Zina came. Then Aunt Hattie Smith and dear old Sister Dibble. Soon Mable Flint came quietly walking in, with shy, timid, little Osmond by her side. A few minutes later Lizzie Day, Mary Phillips and Aunt Annie Layton could be seen strolling up the long path from the street.

A stranger who had not heard of the rag bee, might have wondered what it was all about, for on all the country roads nearby these dear ladies could be seen strolling our way, with their sewing bags on their arms and their white tie around aprons, with tucks and crocheted lace at the bottom showing below their coats.

An hour later the guests from far away began to drive in the lot with their small run about buggies, drawn by the old family horses. My father, or the hired man was always on hand to take care of these horses and put them in the stable for the day.

By eleven o'clock they had all arrived and were busily at work on the rags.

WHAT a picture they presented in our parlor on those occasions. They sat in groups around the outer walls of the room. Interesting, chatty groups. Discussing their own household tasks and giving plans and advice for the future of each other. Their faces all alight with the spirit of neighborly friendliness and cheer. How happy and contented each seemed in the act of helping a neighbor and friend.

By noon a pile of neatly wound balls were in the center of the room.

At twelve-thirty the first call for dinner came, as they could not all be seated around the table at one time the older ones went first. The younger ones and children were seated at a second or third table.

What a feast awaited them in the kitchen. Stewed chicken with dumplings, my mother's specialty and the guests rather expected this main dish at her rag bees. Then there were boiled parsnips with butter, cabbage slaw, mashed Irish potatoes, chili sauce, a variety of home-made pickles, mince pies, and doughnuts. The deserts were all on the table when the guests were seated, except the rolly polly pudding with potowatomy plums inside, another of mother's favorites. This was served last minute piping hot, with a delicious dip on top that smelled of nutmeg and cinnamon.

How their busy hands did work during the afternoon. By evening every rag was sewed into large neat tightly woven balls.

The guests began to depart. Their "good-byes" were so honest and sincere. Usually a few husbands called in the evening to give their wives a ride home. Of course they were always served hot mince pie or doughnuts before they departed.

THE whole affair seemed somehow to strengthen a friendship in the neighborhood that time has never changed, but as the years go by, grows stronger with its memories.

The rags were gathered up and placed in large sacks ready for the weaver. We children looked forward to a trip over to the Fort, where the rags would be taken to Mrs. Harvey's to be woven.

In a few weeks the new roll of carpet was brought home. How proud my mother was, when it was carried into the house and rolled out over the floor for the first inspection.

During the long winter evenings she spent her time sewing the long strips together. The younger children sat about her rubbing bees wax on the thread she sewed with, to give it added strength.

How happy we all were when the last strip was attached and the rag carpet was finished and ready for the kitchen in the spring.

It had been a rather tedious task from beginning to end. But the joy and satisfaction my mother felt when it was completed was worth it all. I think today few women experience such a thrill with a beautiful new Wilton rug.

"I now turn the key to you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time."

"By union of feeling, we obtain power with God."

"This Society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls."—*The Prophet Joseph Smith.*

Why Was the Prophet Joseph Smith's First Vision the Vision of the Father and the Son?

By Isaac B. Ball

A MAGNIFICENT monument to commemorate the first vision of the Prophet Joseph Smith has recently been dedicated on the summit of the Hill Cumorah in upper New York State. Hence it is fitting to ask, Did the vision in the Sacred Grove possess a primacy of importance corresponding to its primacy in time. Does the first vision stand first because it is really first, logically and doctrinely, among the many manifestations to the Prophet? Order indeed is a high law of heaven, we are told. Did the Lord here, as we can see He did in so many other instances, actually place first things first?

A list of the bed-rock doctrines of truths taught in this vision, and the correlatives that logically follow these fundamental truths is decidedly illuminating.

The Son still has his resurrected body with which He ascended into heaven.

The Father has a similar body, also in human form.

In other words, both the Father and the Son have identically formed bodies in whose image man is created.

Since the Son took His body with Him into heaven, and retained it, man also will take his body with him at the Resurrection and retain it.

As the Father, so the Son, and so the other obedient sons.

The vision, then, is a vision of man's origin, and also a promise of his destiny, the most interesting and the most important things in the world for him to know.

Origins are fundamental for they point authentically to potentialities. See the tree whence came the shoot and the seed, and you see the future trees also.

By learning what the Father and the Elder Brother have so far attained, the children of men may judge of their own possibilities.

This vision illumines the Savior's admonition: be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

The vision is a demonstration of exaltation, the summation of eternal progress.

From it flows the world's loftiest doctrine of man's destiny: As God is so man may become.

Implicit in that vision stands the Heavenly Mother with the Father, beside the Son, answering the query, In the heavens are parents single? Hence preexistence in the heavenly home.

The eternity of the family relationship and of the marriage covenant follow logically.

Therefore we conclude that this ineffably lovely vision that May morning in 1820 in the Sacred Grove, New York State, is first in foundation truth as well as first in sequence of time, for it epitomizes in its beauty and holiness the whole Scheme of Things, the entire Plan of Life: Fatherhood; Sonship; Eternal Progress; Exaltation.

In very deed do we rightly designate it, The First Vision, for it stands everlastingly the Fundamental Truth from whence all other Truths proceed.

A Welcome Visitor

By Clarissa A. Beesley

BERTHA ANDERSON HULMES

THE Prophet Joseph Smith! Name revered among Latter-day Saints as that of one chosen of God—the Seer—the Restorer of the Gospel in the fulness of times. Those favored ones who knew him in the flesh loved him with a deep devotion, and those who have lived since have yearned with a great longing to be worthy one day to look upon his face and clasp his hand.

Emma Hale Smith! Name also honored by Latter-day Saints as that of the loved companion who stood by the side of the Prophet during those troublous times of Palmyra, Kirtland, Nauvoo; who was close to him and even assisted him in the translation of the Nephite record; first to stand at the head of the great woman's organization, the Relief Society; and the woman to be designated by divine revelation as "an elect lady," chosen to compile hymns for the Church.

IT was with full appreciation of this noble ancestry and also with love and appreciation of her for her

own sake, that relatives and friends and members of the women's General Boards welcomed to Salt Lake City, during the Christmas holidays, Mrs. Alfred W. Hulmes, of Detroit, Michigan.

Bertha Anderson Hulmes is the great granddaughter of the Prophet Joseph and Emma Hale Smith. Her grandfather was Joseph Smith, oldest son of the Prophet and first President of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and her mother is his daughter, Audentia Smith Anderson, of Omaha, Nebraska. Mrs. Hulmes' son, Alfred, Jr., is in Salt Lake City, attending the University of Utah.

While here Mrs. Hulmes was the guest of Emily Smith Stewart and was entertained also by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith and wife and others of the Smith family, themselves relatives and descendants of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum Smith.

A BEAUTIFUL reception was given in honor of Mrs. Hulmes by the General Board of Relief Society. In the receiving line, besides the visitor, were President Louise Y. Robison, of the Relief Society, President Ruth May Fox of Y. W. M. I. A., Pres. May Anderson of the Primary Association, Mrs. S. O. Bennion, who had known Mrs. Hulmes intimately in Independence, Mo., Mrs. Emily Smith Stewart and others. The occasion was graced by the presence of President Heber J. Grant and others of the General Authorities, while many women responded to the invitation, proud and happy to meet the great granddaughter of their first president.

Those of us who had met this gracious woman before were particularly happy to renew her acquaintance. We recalled—indeed we had been remembering it ever since—that important event in 1933, when, in Nauvoo, Illinois, a monument was erected by the Relief Society on the spot where the Prophet Joseph Smith brought into existence that organization. The ground upon which the monument stands is the property of the Reorganized Church, the leaders of that Church having generously permitted its placement there.

ON the occasion of the dedication ceremony, July 26, 1933, conducted by President Louise Y. Robison and her counselors, members of both Churches participated in a service never-to-be-forgotten, of tribute and love to Joseph and Emma Smith and of gratitude for the great work they accomplished. To Mrs. Hulmes was given the honor of unveiling the monument. She was assisted by her own little daughter and the granddaughter of President Robison.

Although our association with her at that time was brief we learned to love her dearly and to feel that she was our sister and friend. She and her husband, a man of fine character and personality, her mother and other members of her Church showed the delegation from Utah every courtesy and kindness.

It is good to meet and to know such a woman as Mrs. Hulmes. She is not only beautiful in feature, but her spirit and influence are beautiful. Her voice is pleasing, her manner gentle. She is refined and educated. We could not help wishing that all of our women and particularly our M. I. A. girls might come under the charm of her presence.

Her outward graciousness is but the expression of the intelligence,

sincerity and fine spiritual nature within. Something of her modesty and earnestness may be caught from these brief words, written since her return home: "That beautiful reception of the Relief Society was a wonderful tribute to the memory of my beloved great grandmother, Emma Hale Smith, and I can never tell you how much I appreciate the privilege of sharing the joy of that occasion."

Our best wishes, our sincere affection, go with Mrs. Hulmes to her home in the East. We shall hold her in highest regard and look forward to future happy meetings.

What to Serve at Our Birthday Party

By Camilla E. Kimball

WE look forward every year with pleasant anticipation to our anniversary celebration. The fine programs interest and stimulate us, but we are just children grown tall, and we do look forward to the refreshments.

It is not intended that party refreshments should be substantial and filling—none of us are especially hungry for food—but they should be dainty and attractive. Quality rather than quantity should be the aim.

Since March 17 is St. Patrick's Day and the beginning of springtime too, we may keep this motif in mind in planning the refreshments. A color scheme lends art to eating and green and white are especially refreshing.

No birthday party is really complete without a birthday cake, and there is sure to be some member of your society who has a gift at making cakes and who would be delighted to make a birthday cake. A white cake adapts itself nicely to color scheme and decoration. Covered with snowy "Seven Minute" icing and then simply decorated with green tinted "Ornamental Frosting" it will be a thing of beauty and a joy. Serve a small piece of the birthday cake with Pistachio Ice Cream —"Emerald Fruit Cup" topped with a spoonful of whipped cream — Pineapple Sherbet or limeade and your green and white lunch will be attractive, dainty, and delicious.

If you do not wish to make a birthday cake, try serving a variety of tiny open-faced sandwiches with pineapple punch tinted green.

Of course cookies and punch are the easiest refreshments to serve and maybe just the thing. Try having the cookies very thin and crisp and perhaps shaped like a clover leaf and try a new kind of punch. Mint flavored lemonade with a leaf of fresh mint in each glass is very refreshing.

Let me emphasize again that the success of your refreshments will not depend upon the quantity and variety of food you serve but the exclamations of appreciation will come for the dainty, attractive, even though very simple menu.

RECIPES

White Cake

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 cups cake flour
Whites of 3 eggs
2 level teaspoonsful baking powder
⅔ cups milk
1 teaspoon flavoring extract
(½ tsp. vanilla and ½tsp. almond)

Mix same as plain butter cake,

adding stiffly beaten whites last. Bake in round pans of graduated size for birthday cake. You will be more successful if you make only this amount at one time and repeat as many times as necessary to make the desired number of layers.

Seven Minute Icing

1 cup sugar
1 egg white
3 tablespoons water
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Add sugar to the boiling water in top of double boiler. Then add unbeaten egg white and cream of tartar. Place over boiling water and beat with dover egg beater for seven minutes or until of desired thickness.

Butter Decorative Icing

Cream 4 tablespoons of butter until smooth and light, adding gradually 1½ cups of sifted confectioner's sugar, alternating with a few drops of milk as it stiffens. Flavor and color as desired and use in pastry tube for decorative cakes.

Emerald Fruit Cup

1 pkg. Lime Jell-o
1 pt. warm water
2 cups mixed fruit, diced and chilled (pears, peaches, cherries, canned pineapple, grapes, etc.)

Dissolve Jell-o in warm water. Pour into pan. Chill until it begins to set. Add fruit and mold in small molds.

Pineapple Sherbet

3 cups milk
1 cup heavy cream
2 lemons
2 cups sugar
1 small can crushed pineapple
Few drops of green fruit coloring

Mix lemon juice, pineapple, coloring, and sugar. Whip cream and combine with chilled milk. Add fruit mixture to milk and cream, stirring vigorously. Freeze at once.

Limeade

1 pkg. Lime "Kool-Ade"
Juice of 2 lemons
2 cups sugar
Water

Mix to taste.

Lemon Milk Sherbet

Juice of 2 lemons
1½ cups sugar
3 cups milk
1 cup cream

Mix lemon juice and sugar and add milk and cream gradually. Freeze.

Suggestions for Open Faced Sandwiches

Minced parsley and lettuce in Mayonnaise on circles of whole wheat bread.

Minced olives and cheese on toasted crackers.

Peanut butter mixed with Mayonnaise and a little thick cream on small triangles of bread.

Deviled egg mixture makes a tasty open sandwich.

Tuna fish with chopped sweet pickles and Mayonnaise on whole wheat bread.

Crisp Sugar Cookies

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs beaten light
1 tablespoon cream
2½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg
Grated rind 1 lemon

Mix in the same manner as for butter cake. Roll part at a time into a thin sheet, and cut with a cooky cutter. Dredge with granulated sugar, and bake in a quick oven.

If you would like to feature the

Relief Society colors of blue and yellow in your refreshments you might use the blue and yellow candles on your white cake, or the pure fruit coloring. Blue is not a food color and so is rather difficult to feature but the blue candles would be attractive and there are many ways of using the yellow. Orange Sherbet is always appreciated.

Orange Sherbet

3 cups milk
1 cup heavy cream
2 lemons
2 oranges
2 cups sugar

Mix strained orange and lemon juice with sugar. Whip cream and combine with cold milk. Add fruit mixture to milk and cream stirring vigorously. Freeze at once.

If the weather is still too cold for the frozen dessert to be used you can always use hot chocolate or cocoa with the birthday cake, cookies or sandwiches. Or did you ever try making milk postum? Make a syrup of sugar, postum, and water as you do for making cocoa, allowing one rounded teaspoon of Instant Postum and a rounded teaspoon of sugar to a cup of milk. Use just enough boiling water to dissolve the postum. Many prefer Postum to cocoa and it is more healthful. Put a spoonful of whipped cream or a marshmallow in each serving as you serve it.

Lima Bean Chowder
(By Barbara M. Adams)
Serves 24

2 c. chopped green peppers
4 c. diced carrots
4 c. tomatoes, peeled
4 c. lima beans
4 small onions
½ c. rice, blanched
4 c. thin cream
Salt and pepper to taste.

Soak beans over night, cook rice, cook vegetables until almost done, mix and finish cooking. Add cream. Serve.

(This was served at Parowan Stake Convention.)

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

MARCH—Spring is here, for a blue bird shot across the sky today and the pussy willows peeped above the marsh.

QUEEN MARY'S calm dignity in her hour of sorrow held the admiration of the world. True to the duties of her high office she sent a message of sympathy to the newly made widow of the poet, Kipling, when with breaking heart, she awaited her own widowhood.

DAME CLARA BUTT, popular English contralto, died recently, age 63. During her career she was honored by royal commands to sing at the courts of Victoria, Edward VII and George V.

PEARL S. BUCK'S book "The Exile," is a tender biography of her mother who was an American missionary in China.

THE ROMANTIC REBELS, by Frances Winwar, is the dramatic story of Shelley, Byron and Keats. It is one of the most fascinating of recent books.

ISHBEL McDONALD, daughter of former prime minister, is now running a fashionable inn near Chequers, county seat of her father.

JOSEPHINE ANTOINE of Boulder, Colorado, is one of the youngest and newest metropolitan stars. Her western charm has captivated the east.

MISS MABEL VERA SANES is directing the play activities of 5,000 boys from tenement districts in Chicago. She is said to be the only woman in the world completely in charge of a boys' club.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S new novel, "Golden Peacocks," will appear this month. The author at 78 writes as vigorously as ever.

MISS GLORIA HOLLISTER of the New York Zoological Society, when with the Bermuda expedition went to the bottom of the sea, sealed in a steel ball. She is now back home telling the interesting story.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND while visiting in New York, was caught in the whirlwind of a celebrity furor. Of the 200 songs she has written she says her favorite is "Memory's Garden." The one more often sung, however, is "The End of a Perfect Day."

MRS. HATTIE CARAWAY, only woman in the United States Senate, is elated over the appointment of Mrs. Long, widow of the late Huey P. Long, to fill the unexpired term of the fiery Senator. Mrs. Long's friends expect to elect her at the next Louisiana election next April for the short term.

FASHIONS for women this season have shorter skirts and bolero jackets and are very colorful. Some say daring styles forecast war.

MME. DE SAINTE OPPORTUNE of France, age 104, is keenly alive to the things of the present, reads the dailies and walks in the park every day. This modern French lady has brilliant rivals even in Utah—Mary Field Garner, age 100, of Ogden; Emily Lowder, 95, of Parowan; Tranquilla S. Jordan, 90, of Fairview, were very gay at their birthday parties this year.

A Singing Heart

(Eva Willes Wangsgard)

By Ada Hurst Brown

"O, give me the magic of singing heart,
The music of rythmical words,
The wonder that quickens the tears to start
For joy at the song of the birds!

"O, give me the keenness of fairy sight,
For flowers have hearts I would see,
A spirit that follows a bird in his flight,
Communes with the soul of a tree!

"O, give me the sweetness that clovers yield,
The gladness of butterfly wings,
For I would carry the message afield
Of joy in all beautiful things."

THIS, the key poem of Eva Willes Wangsgard's book of verse, "Singing Hearts," is a fitting key to the author's personality as well as to her merry, cheerful poems. She, indeed, has the wished-for "magic of singing heart" and "keenness of fairy sight." She takes such delight in composing her verses that it is no wonder that they are so delightful to read.

The story of Mrs. Wangsgard's success is almost like a fairy tale. Until two years ago, she had no idea that she could write poetry. She had been too busy being wife, housekeeper, and school teacher, as well as bringing two boys and a girl to splendid young manhood and womanhood to think of doing any writing.

It was after married teachers were ruled out of Ogden City schools and she stayed at home with her housework, that the poems began to come "thick and fast, from nowhere," she says. At first she was almost annoyed. She had planned on a nice, long rest after her years in the school room, but these poems would not let her rest. They tugged at her constantly. If she relaxed they came faster than ever, as many as four and five in one day. It was as if something had been bottled up inside her all these years; something that must have immediate expression.

Still she did not think consciously of becoming a writer; she simply expressed the things she felt. Her earlier poems were merry, happy little verses for children, personifying natural phenomena. The very first of these was a swing song, inspired by neighboring children singing in a swing. Some of these verses came complete with joyous melodies, while she was scrubbing floors or ironing.

The next poems that came were adult love poems. She had never used a typewriter, but she obtained one now, and began typing her work. Her first poem for grown-ups sold to the Improvement Era; her second to Canadian Bookman. She sent things to other magazines, many of which were not accepted, but she almost invariably received a short note from the editors to whom she sent them.

By this time Mrs. Wangsgard decided that it was not written that she should rest, and she went to work in earnest. She worked harder than she had ever done in her life, studying technique and spending infinite hours revising her poems. "I can carry them around in my head and polish them while I polish the silver," she says. A remarkable memory enables her to give, without notice, any one of her more than two hundred poems.

A WRITER'S magazine for which Mrs. Wangsgard subscribed, carried a list of poetry magazines that she thought would make a good proving ground. She picked out ten poems that seemed suitable for certain magazines, and seven out of the ten were accepted. Of the three rejections, one said the poem was too long for their purposes, and another said they bought only from their subscribers. Since then she has had poems published in many prominent magazines including Expression, Cycle, Sonnet Sequences, All Story, Zion's Herald, Young People's Leader, Lutheran Boys and Girls, Driftwind, Bozart and Contemporary Verse, American Author, and Portland Oregonian, besides all the local magazines and newspapers.

UP until May, 1934, Mrs. Wangsgard worked ceaselessly, but aimlessly, not knowing if she would ever do anything worthwhile with her writing. Then one morning as she awoke she said, "I know what the name of my book is to be."

"Oh, are you going to write a book?" asked her husband.

"I guess I am," she replied, "because the title is to be 'Singing Hearts'," and she recited the key-poem to him.

Now came the task of selecting and publishing the eighty-one poems that make up the book. The love poems were eliminated because they didn't seem to fit in. Dr. Driggs, who wrote the foreword for "Singing Hearts," suggested that she also leave out her children's poems and make another book of them. This she did, calling it "When One is Small." This book has not yet been published.

The problem of finding a publisher for her book confronted her next. She thought she would probably have to send it out several times, and she would start near home. She sent the manuscript to the Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, and they accepted it, publishing it in September, 1935, with a cover that Mrs. Wangsgard designed herself.

EVA WILLES WANGSGARD is of true pioneer stock. Her grandmother, Melissa Lott Smith, came to Utah with the second company of pioneers in September of 1847. Her grandfather, Ira Jones Willes, entered Utah by way of California with the disbanded Mormon Battalion in 1848. His brother Sydney was at Sutter's mill before the presence of gold there was generally known, and picked up a nugget from the mill race. Since their uniform buttons were mother-of-pearl and silver, it occurred to the brothers that they could be fashioned into interesting souvenirs. They removed the shanks, melted the nugget, and dropped a tiny ball of gold into the center of each button. Then, attaching pins to the under side of each, they had unique brooches. Mrs. Wangsgard holds hers as one of her dearest treasures.

On her mother's side, her grandfather, James Munns, and her grandmother, Elizabeth Collis Munns, came direct from England to Utah in the seventies and settled in Lehi where the Willes family had been sent by Brigham Young among the first colonists to go there in 1849, soon after her grandfather and grandmother Willes' marriage. Her father, Lyman B. Willes, born in Lehi in 1858, met and married Sarah Ann Munns and settled in the home town where their seven living children were born, Eva being the fifth. She attended the public schools and the High School at Lehi.

Of her early home training, Mrs. Wangsgard says that she and her brothers and sisters were guided, but no restrictions were placed on them except what came from within. Her parents seemed to take it for granted that their children would do the right thing, and they walked straight

EVA WILLES WANGSGARD

enough that she really doesn't know what punishment would have followed an overt act. When Eva left to attend the University of Utah, her father handed her a blank check book and merely asked her to be a little prudent. Although she was anemic and far from well, she finished her normal course in one year, and taught school in Lehi two years.

Then she married David Wangsgard, and they moved to Mt. Pleasant, where her husband taught school for two years. At the end of this time they moved to Huntsville to take care of a store and farm belonging to Mr. Wangsgard's parents. They spent three years in Huntsville. There was a scarcity of teachers, and Mrs. Wangsgard was urged to teach. She had a small breast-fed baby at the time, but she went to work, leaving the baby in care of a neighbor's daughter while

she was in school, and feeding it at eight, twelve and four o'clock. She taught two years in Huntsville, then her husband was asked to take the superintendency of the schools of Malad. They had sold the store in Huntsville, and had bought more land. Mr. Wangsgard was in business with his brother, so when they went to Malad his brother's family took over the management of the farm.

After two years in Idaho they moved to Ogden to be nearer their property, and they have lived there ever since. Until 1933 Mrs. Wangsgard taught in various schools in Ogden, spending eight years at Lewis school. Most of the time she taught history and geography, but she has also taught English, sewing and mathematics.

BESIDES composing all the poems she has done since she stopped teaching school, Mrs. Wangsgard has written two prize-winning ward plays. These are musical plays for which she wrote both words and music. The first is called "Yellow Roses" and the second "Evening Glow." They were used in the annual road shows during 1934 and 1935 in the Seventeenth Ward, Mt. Ogden Stake.

Mrs. Wangsgard hopes sometime to write successful operettas. She has had many encouraging letters from song editors, but has not yet sold a song, since she has spent most of her time and energy on her book and her magazine work.

One of the most impressive things about Mrs. Wangsgard, and one that other writers would do well to emulate, is her indefatigable industry. Since she started to write she has composed over two hundred poems, besides her songs, stories, and articles. One reason she has written poems instead of prose is that she can compose rhymes while she goes about her other work. She has written two juvenile stories, both of which she has sold.

MRS. WANGSGARD has an attractive personality and an infectious laugh. She is thrilled about her work and about life, and the beauty of it is, she is interested not only in her own, but in other people's work and lives as well. So she makes a splendid friend.

She takes no credit for the lovely things she writes. They just come to her, she says, and it is her duty and her pleasure to pass them on.

"O, give me the sweetness that clovers yield,
The gladness of butterfly wings,
For I would carry the message afield
Of joy in all beautiful things."

"If you live up to your privileges the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates."

"You should be armed always with mercy. If you would have God have mercy on you, have mercy on one another."—*The Prophet Joseph Smith.*

Notes to the Field

Visiting Teachers' Attendance at Relief Society Meetings

IN answer to frequent questions that come into the office as to whether the Visiting Teachers should attend regular Relief Society meetings or not, the following ruling was made by the General Board: "That where women do not consistently attend regular Relief Society and Visiting Teacher Training Meetings, they may be relieved of their duties as Visiting Teachers."

We recall with pride the fact that the institution of the Visiting Teachers goes back to the very early history of our organization. The great good they have done has been the subject of numberless eulogies. Keeping in step with the march of progress, the General Board has been most anxious to do everything to aid the teachers in their fine work. They are the tie that binds the Society to the communities. They cannot carry the full message of Relief Society if they do not get the spirit of the work and make themselves familiar with the wonderful activity and educational program offered through the regular meetings.

Socialized Lessons

THE great success which is being realized in the lesson courses of Relief Society is most gratifying. There are reports, however, which occasionally reach the office, that lessons are not socialized, that the class leaders give excellent lessons, but do all the work. In some cases they read extensively from the works of the authors under consideration. We are most appreciative of the fine efforts of our class leaders, but realize that self-effort is the only thing which really educates, so to reach the highest degree of excellence, a leader must secure class participation. This may be by assignments, questions or various methods. It often requires careful, prayerful and persistent effort, but it can be done. There is something in every lesson which touches our lives directly or indirectly, and everyone, no matter how humble, can make some contribution.

Literary Lessons

SPITE of all that has been said, we understand that some literary leaders still feel that they must cover all the material given in the Magazine. It is impossible to do this well. We feel that it is better to pick out portions of it than to give a smattering of everything in the lesson. However, there are times when the wise teacher will give a very brief review of a part of the lesson that she had intended to leave out owing to conditions; for instance, many teachers in Salt Lake City who intended to spend the entire time on Maeterlinck's *Bluebird,* when they knew that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was coming to a Salt Lake theatre, gave a brief resume of this play to whet the appetities of the women to see it and so they would get more from it when they did go.

Comment on Teachers' Topic for April

ALL visiting teachers who faithfully present the topic in each home are becoming better versed on the Bible. By repetition of the Proverb they are increasing their "Mental furniture." "The ethical teachings of the Bible," (some of which we have in Proverbs), "are certainly as

much a part of our national ideals as any expression of popular government by Lincoln or in the Declaration of Independence itself."

Conference Reports at Union Meetings

THE Relief Society is fortunate in being able to hold two general conferences a year—one in April, one in October. No effort is spared to make these conferences opportunities where help is given to the whole organization. The Stakes make great efforts to send representatives to Salt Lake to get information which belongs to the organization. Often no report of this is made upon the return of the visitors to the Stakes, and valuable instructions are lost. It is recommended by the General Board that a portion of the time in the first Union Meeting following the General Conferences be set aside for a report of the visiting representatives.

TEACHERS' TOPIC

Comment on Teachers' Topic for the month of May

TITHING—Proverbs 3:9-10

THE law of Tithing is so just that it has received the admiration of many of those who make a study of it. It is interesting to note that in recent years attempts have been made by a number of other sects to adopt the system of Tithing.

How do you pay your Tithing, monthly or yearly? It is recommended that those who receive a salary monthly, pay Tithing monthly. It is much easier to do this than to wait until the end of the year and pay the whole amount at once from the December allowance, which means the payment of one-tenth of the whole income from one-twelfth of it. Try the monthly plan.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

OUR literary lessons suggest and inspire much enrichment from supplemental reading. The lesson for March seems particularly timely since the death of Rudyard Kipling has brought so much publicity concerning him and his great accomplishments. Near the same time seventy years ago, Rudyard Kipling and King George V, opened their eyes for the first time, and within three days of January 1936, each closed his eyes for the last time on earth.

During the twentieth century three men of letters have been honored with burial in Westminster Abbey; Rudyard Kipling is the last of the three to be so honored. Through his honesty of purpose and expression, and his sympathetic understanding of human emotion, the spiritual influence of Rudyard Kipling continues. His own faith in the Hereafter is expressed in this poem:

"When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen
Shall set us to work anew!"

McGILL WARD ON HONOR ROLL

THROUGH an oversight, which we deeply regret, the McGill Ward did not receive credit in our Magazine Drive Report. A telegram was sent from the Stake and this was filed and not put with the reports. We, therefore, publish the record of this Ward herewith.

WARD	STAKE	Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
McGill	Nevada	72	76	106	Loretta Bamgartner

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund

Blackfoot Stake

DURING the year 1935 so many wonderful achievements of the Stakes through their Bible Project were reported to the office, that it was necessary to summarize them and pay general tribute to all. However, the Project is still on the Bible, with a close correlation between that and the Teachers' Topic for this year, therefore we are happy to note again the lovely achievements in the field of our Project work.

Salt Lake Stake

SOME of the very wonderful work undertaken and consummated by our Relief Society Stakes is a matter of constant joy to the General Board of Relief Society. Outstanding among the Stakes whose achievements are noteworthy is that of the Salt Lake Stake, where very careful planning insures a year of activity in which the fine blending of prac-

BLACKFOOT STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY PAGEANT

The above picture is that of a pageant which was presented by the Blackfoot Stake Relief Society. The event was held during the latter part of last year, and was the feature *of* the yearly "Mother's Half Holiday." The costuming and stage setting were very artistic, and created a Biblical atmosphere. The happy event was under the immediate direction of the Stake President, Sister Mary S. Bills, and her co-workers. Appropriate music was arranged to accompany the scenes. The poems used during the presentation were taken from English classics and some of our own inspired L. D. S. writers.

tical and formal educational work is in evidence. The book-binding project is so helpful that we take note of that. In outlining their project for Work and Business Day, January was chosen as the month in which to put this into effect. The thought was conceived of binding the *Magazine,* and this not only affords entertaining work, but is a most economical and valuable type of service. In the words of the Stake, "In book form the *Magazine* is twelve times more valuable than in twelve single copies." In this meeting the entire Stake Board participated, and each member bound a volume. In the Union Meeting the work was presented to the Ward Supervisors, who responded most thoroughly. With a little time and effort a volume can be assembled and covered at a cost of from ten to twenty-five cents, depending upon the choice of materials used for the cover. The most interesting thing about the project is that every Relief Society member, from the youngest to the oldest sister, enjoys the thrill of owning their own hand-bound volume. This project was so enthusiastically received that many many volumes have been bound, not only of the *Relief Society Magazine,* but other useful periodicals which the organization and members desired to preserve. This event proved to be so successful that it has been made a part of the Annual Stake Projects.

The materials used are: cord, flexible glue, tape, fly leaves, leatherette or oilcloth. The tools employed are: a home-made press, two slats two by nine inches, bodkin or darning needle, hammer, clothes pin, clamps.

San Luis Stake

THE San Luis Stake is one of our more remote stakes, and while there are many obstacles to encounter that are common to all of our stakes, the Relief Society forms a great part in the life of the sisters. The picture below is quite typical of Relief Society. It represents the Sanford Ward of the San Luis Stake, and included in the group are two elderly ladies, one ninety, the other eighty. These will be noted in striking contrast to the young mothers with their babies. This is an indication of the very general appeal of the Relief Society work. The

SANFORD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

experience and life of these older sisters is an inspiration and guide to the young, and the young find in Relief Society that which helps them to be better mothers and Latter-day Saints.

Rigby Stake

THE questions of *Magazine* subscriptions and Annual Dues are before the members of the Relief Society organization, and while the sisters all feel the great joy it is to contribute toward the maintenance of the general organization, they develop all sorts of ingenious schemes to insure the success of their work. The following scheme seems to be unusual and stimulating, and it may be of value to other Stakes in promoting their *Magazine* subscriptions and collecting Annual Dues. To quote from the Stake sending this in "In the search for the best methods to use in making a drive for our funds, one of the Stake Board members found a plate idea, suggested in a current magazine. From this suggestion the plans were developed." Paper plates were purchased by the Stake Board and designed as samples to be copied by the Wards. The paper plate was taken as a background and around the outside a series of circles were drawn. Above each circle was written the name of a holiday common to each month, in some cases two days in a month were suggested. The holidays were: New Year's, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Valentine's, Relief Society Anniversary, Easter, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Twenty-fourth of July, Labor Day, Armistice, Hallowe'en, My Own Birthday, in fact any days which make a special appeal to the individuals might be used. The following little verse was written in the center of each plate:

> At each holiday time
> Please place a dime
> Under the golden star.
> Stick them down fast,
> And when the year's past
> Turn in the plates, as they are.

The plan involves placing a dime in each circle, and this is fastened by a gold sticker. The time of attaching the dime is in each case indicated by the name about the circle. The Stake Board was divided into two groups, one blue and the other gold. The leader of Work and Business was made captain of one group and the Magazine Agent captain of the other. The plan was presented to the Wards at Union Meeting day. Each Ward in turn appointed two captains and divided the Ward members into blue and gold groups. The Ward plates followed the sample supplied by the Stake. A luncheon was given by the Stake Board for all the Ward captains. The color scheme was in gold and blue, and was very attractive. Questions concerning the contest were discussed, and much interest was manifest in the beginning of the contest. At the end of the year all plates were to be turned in to the ward captains, who in turn would report to the stake captains. These constituted the judges of the contest, and the losers entertained the winning group.

It is the feeling of this fine progressive Stake that when once the members of the Relief Society become familiar with the *Relief Society Magazine* in their homes, they will feel they can never afford to be without it. The contest furnishes material for entertainment, and is also instrumental in starting a good habit.

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

The Key Turned for Women

WOMEN who have the freedom of the present day accorded to them without question can scarcely realize the conditions under which their sisters struggled at the time the Prophet Joseph Smith turned the key for women.

Not only were women of that time circumscribed and downtrodden, but a great many of them accepted their condition without protest. They could not be roused from their complacent lethargy and even protested when some of their number sought to throw off their shackles. Everywhere in the United States the English Common Law was in effect. It decreed: "By marriage, the husband and wife are one person in law, that is, the legal existence of the woman is merged in that of her husband. He is her baron or lord, bound to supply her with shelter, food, clothing and medicine, and is entitled to her earnings and the use and custody of her person, which he may seize wherever he may find it." In some states "married women, insane persons, and idots were ranked together as not fit to make a will." Politically the foreigner and drunkard were accorded the right to vote, while mothers, wives and sisters were refused it. A woman could not secure a divorce from a drunken husband. A drunkard could take his wife's clothing to pay his rum bills and the court declared it was legal because the wife belonged to her husband. If the wife secured a divorce on account of the infidelity of her husband, she had to forfeit all right to the property which they had jointly earned. The husband retained control of the estate.

In 1852, the *New York Herald,* a leading paper of that time, in an editorial asked the question, "How did woman first become subject to man, as she now is all over the world?" and answered it by saying, "By her nature, her sex, just as the Negro is, and always will be to the end of time, inferior to the white

race, and therefore, doomed to subjection; but she is happier than she would be in any other condition, just because it is the law of her nature."

In 1876 when two women spoke in a church on temperance, an eminent clergyman declared that their appearance was "an indecency in the sight of Jehovah. He avowed that women were not allowed the right to speak in the church, and that it was positively base for a woman to speak in the pulpit." Even leaders of the reform movements of temperance and anti-slavery split regarding women's right to vote and serve on committees. A clergyman voiced the general sentiment when he said, "Wifehood is the crowning glory of a woman. In it she is bound for all time. To her husband she owes the duty of unqualified obedience. There is no crime which a man can commit which justifies his wife in leaving him or applying for that monstrous thing, divorce. * * * If he be a bad or wicked man, she may gently remonstrate with him, but refuse him, never."

Little was said about women's political rights. The men were almost unanimously against them and women said little about them. Horace Bushnell, a preacher, in a book entitled, *Woman Suffrage, the Reform Against Nature,* pointing out the evils that would follow woman if she would secure the ballot, said, "The look will be sharp, the voice will be wiry and shrill, the action will be angular and abrupt; self-asserting boldness, eagerness for place and power will get into the expression more and more distinctly, and become inbred in the native habit."

BY 1820 some improvement was noticed. Girls were beginning to enter public schools. Some institutions permitted girls to attend during the boys' summer vacation. In 1821 the Troy Female Seminary was opened, the first school in the United States to offer higher education to women. Oberlin College in 1833 admitted men and women on equal terms—the first institution to do this. In 1848 the passage of the Property Bill in New York allowed a married woman to hold real estate in her own name. Previous to this, all property which a woman owned at marriage, all that she might receive by gift or inheritance passed to her husband. He could sell it and dispose of it at her death. The rents and profits belonged to him. The passage of this law led thoughtful women to question why other unjust laws might not be repealed.

From 1849 on, some outstanding women made heroic fights to break the shackles that had for centuries held women enslaved, but it was a long hard struggle.

REALIZING conditions at this time, one can better appreciate what Joseph Smith did for women when he organized the Relief Society March 17, 1842. He accorded to women whole-hearted support in giving free vent to their God-implanted desires to serve.

In speaking to the organization, he said, "It is natural for females to have feelings of charity. You are now placed in a situation where you can act according to these sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms. If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious. If you live up to your privileges the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates. * * * I now turn the key to you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time."

His remarks and exhortations to the first Relief Society members show that he had a comprehension of woman's nature, her aspirations and possibilities far, far beyond the clergymen, newspaper writers and educators of the day.

He instructed the members how to conduct their meetings according to parliamentary procedure. He urged them to work unitedly, and support each other. His admonition is still vital—"Do not injure the character of any one. If members of the Society shall conduct themselves improperly, deal with them and keep all your doings within your own bosoms and hold all characters sacred." What a field he opened. He urged them to correct the morals and strengthen the virtues of the people, to seek out and relieve the distressed. He said every member should be ambitious to do good, that the members should deal frankly with each other, watch over the morals and be very careful of the character and reputation of the members of the institution, that they should have mercy upon one another and be pure in heart.

WE see the fulfilment of his prophetic words, "knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time." From 1842 until the present, women have steadily reached forward, growing in intelligence and power, accomplishing more and more in furthering civilization, ministering to the afflicted, upholding righteous causes and entering every field of endeavor.

Many have marveled at the accomplishments of the organization. They have succeeded because they had "union of feeling" and so they obtained "power with God."

We are proud of the achievements of the past. We look joyously forward to greater accomplishments in the future. Ninety-four years ago when the Prophet turned the key for women, well might they have joined angelic choirs in singing:

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee.
Lo, Zion's standard is unfurled,
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world."

Leadership Week

ANOTHER wonderful Leadership Week has passed into history. We extend heartfelt thanks to President Harris and the faculty associated with him for the joy and uplift, the openings of the windows of the soul to new vision, and the new avenues of endeavor it has opened to all who were privileged to attend. Those who were present will return to their wards and stakes to give the vision and information there obtained to those with whom they associate. Thus all the people will be benefited, for representatives came from Canada and as far south as Mexico.

Every courtesy was extended to the Relief Society. We especially appreciate the fine cooperation and helpfulness of Brother Gerrit de Jong. Those in charge made it possible to have two sessions daily devoted to our work. We were greatly pleased with the attendance at these sessions and the interest shown by our officers.

The pleasure of meeting relatives and friends from near and far, the joy that comes from getting a new

thought or a new attitude were shown on the faces of those who attended day after day.

President Harris started a movement when these Leadership Weeks were established for which he will ever be remembered. We expect them to continue as long as the institution which fathers them stands.

The theme for this 1936 Week was most timely, "Promoting Spirituality Today," and in every section the speakers emphasized how spirituality may be increased.

Again we extend our thanks for the hospitality, the kindliness, the scholarly lectures and all that made this Leadership Week so enjoyable.

Modified Plan

THE First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve Apostles have approved of a modified plan for the visiting of Stake Conferences. Hereafter one-half of all the Stake Conferences to be held on each Sunday will be visited by representatives of the General Board of the auxiliary organizations for the purpose of holding in connection with such Stake Conferences their annual convention-conferences. The remaining one-half of the Stake Conferences to be held each Sunday will be visited by the General Authorities of the Church.

This plan will cut down traveling expenses of those living in the Stakes, as they will not be called to come to their Stake headquarters so frequently. For the present the Relief Society, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association and the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association will hold their conventions in the last two quarters of the year.

It is hoped by the Authorities that the plan will bring increased interest and larger attendance at all Stake Quarterly Conferences.

We know that our officers of the Relief Society will cooperate to the fullest extent in making this plan successful.

Relief Society Song

WE are happy to announce a new song written for Relief Society is in course of preparation for April Conference.

Sister Ruth May Fox, General President of the Y. W. M. I. A., has very graciously presented the following verses to our organization. Sister Fox has always been an active member of Relief Society, and ardently supports all its activities. We are indeed proud of her contribution.

Words by Ruth May Fox

On the bend of a winding river,
In the temple-crowned city Nauvoo.
Our sisterhood was established
By a Prophet whose vision came true.
"A new day is dawning, Ye Daughters,
The horizon gleams golden and bright,
You are called to the Master's service,
Your robes, should be spotless and white."
Chorus:
O there on the bend of the river,
Where the moonbeams dance on the stream;
We received from the lips of the giver,
The key which unfolded our dream.
"Your light shall illumine the darkness,
Your words like sweet music shall cheer
The hearts of the lonely and needy
Who'll rejoice your footsteps to hear.
The spirit of Truth shall go with you,
Affliction and doubt to efface,
By gentleness, knowledge and beauty,
And the love which comes from His grace."

Pictures of Relief Society General Board

Relief Society women will be pleased to learn that pictures of all of the general presidents of the Relief Society may now be had at Relief Society headquarters, 28 Bishop's Building.

The complete list includes:

EMMA SMITH
ELIZA R. SNOW
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The pictures are 4½"x7½" in size. The cost is one cent each, per dozen ten cents. At the price of one cent orders must be for at least ten pictures. If less than ten pictures are ordered, add 3 cents for mailing.

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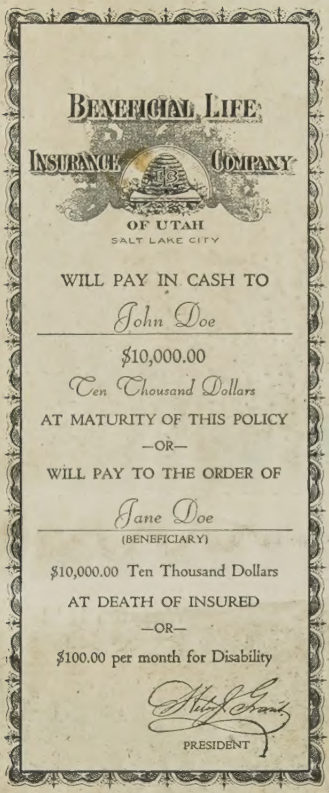

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